



HEART TALKS

ON EVERY DAY THEMES
FOR EVERY DAY PEOPLE

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NOTE

In explanation of the peculiar paging of this book, it may be explained that in the original edition blank pages were inserted between the chapters, containing only the chapter headings, but counted as pages. In order to reduce the size and price of the book these have been omitted in this edition.



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THE REASON.

It is in response to the requests of many friends that these Hearts Talks are presented in this permanent shape. They have been written at intervals, in the course of editorial service, during recent years. Such changes have been made here and there as the present form demanded, while slight additions make some of them yet more complete. These "talks" seem to have done much good; it is hoped that their publication in book form will greatly extend their influence.

The writer is a strong believer in the worth of the personal element in the presentation of such "talks" as these; hence the use of the first person, singular, throughout the book. Its use helps one to get close to the reader, and creates that warm atmosphere in which one can speak face to face. There ought to be added helpfulness in this friendly method of approach.

The book is not intended to be read through at a sitting. The hope is indulged that it will find a place on the familiar table, and

taken up again and again, reading and re-reading such portions as may be found helpful, under the varying experiences of life. Its wide range of themes touches every phase of the daily life all of us are living. It is to be hoped also, that the subjects will be suggestive in the prayer meetings of the church.

That these Heart Talks may bring messages of good to many lives, inspiring, encouraging, uplifting, and cheering, is the hope and prayer of the author.

Chicago.

W. H. G.

The Love Slavery.

Love has all seasons for its own. But the month of June is often a peculiarly busy season for the forging of love chains. It is the month of roses and weddings. These love-chains are creating the holiest bondage on the earth. And every true heart echoes the sentiment or the prayer of the minister, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder!"

These occasions furnish an opportunity to speak to young people about attachments; not in the realm of sentiment, but in the realm of practical living. The truest life consists of attachments—to true hearts and to familiar places. In the measure that there is an increase in the slavery of love, in the measure is the largest blessing assured to the world. The tramp is not a model citizen, not because he may be a thief or a vagabond, but for the main reason that he has no attachments; he does not belong anywhere; he is not bound anywhere; he is a menace to civilization

because he is a tramp, if for no other reason. Some people talk about being as free as birds in the air! It is a libel on the birds. They are creatures of attachments; they have their home nests, their home relationships, which are most delightful, as any one can learn who cares to look into bird life. There are exceptions, of course, but nature and instinct seem to do more for them than sense does for some people in the world.

The truest man, the best citizen, has staying qualities; he is bound by loving attachments—he is in the bond-slavery of love. To say the whole truth about this matter one may call attention to the fact that every man and woman is some sort of a slave. It may be the slavery of love, or the bitter bondage of evil habit, or evil companionships. The slavery which love creates is the condition in which true manhood and womanhood find largest development. The true man welcomes the bondage of love, and rejoices as the ties grow stronger. It was a cynic, a disappointed man, who coined the word “singleblessedness.” There is no such thing as “singleblessedness” in the world of human relationships, or in the world of grace. The normal condition of men is to be in the

bondage of love; the greatest glory on this stricken earth is the home-bondage. The beautiful thing about it is that the world believes it in the main, and the love-chains are being forged every day. The safety of the land depends on the increase of the home-bondage. "The homes of the nation are its strongest forts." Only a low-bred cur desires to break the holy bondage.

The saddest sign of our times is the increase of clubs and club houses. The average club house is a gambling den, a place where liquor can be secured in violation of law, where character is ruined beyond repair. It is an inferno, with "abandon hope all ye who enter here," written over the doors, though the owners and habitues of the place do not see it. The argument for the poor man's club, a place which shall be beautified in order to furnish him a loafing place away from his home, is the most vicious suggestion yet made for the helpfulness of men. And how respectable men, sometimes ministers, can defend the saloon on the ground that it is a poor man's club, it is difficult to understand. Neither the rich man nor the poor man needs a club house. With the increase of attachments for a club house there is a corre-

sponding decrease in the attachment for the home. The modern club house bids fair to contribute largely to the destruction of our modern civilization. We need better homes, not more club houses. Men need to be tied by the cords of love to their homes; and the future is assured in the measure that they increase these cords.

I was talking with an English woman of the higher class, the aristocracy, and boasted somewhat of the many homes the laboring men of America had secured. She said, "Don't you think that is a dangerous thing to do? Workingmen should not be allowed to own homes; when an appreciable number of them are so situated they may have notions beyond their station, and give us trouble." I was eager in my response. I told her that home-ownership was the safety of this country; that when every man owned a home in this land anarchy would never be heard of. The fact is, that the greatest liberty depends on a certain form of slavery: the bondage of love; and when the home ties are also clustered about a home, a visible building, our liberties are all the safer.

It is related of a poor family that a stranger came to the door one day and asked to adopt

one of their children. They had a whole "house-full." The father worked early and late—it *did* seem as though he was in a bondage indeed. But at night when he got home, and his little ones crept into his lap, and while the youngest nestled in his arms, another sat on his knee, and another tried to get near, by climbing up the back of the chair, somehow he rejoiced in the bondage, and would not change his lot with the richest man in the universe. But there had been some thought of letting one of the children go out to live in another's home; and the stranger came to ask for one. They were good children—the mother was spending her life for them; bright faces had they, clean, but their clothes were plain. The mother said they would give an answer next day. That night the mother talked it over with the father. They began with the eldest, and went from one to the other. "Of course," said the father, we must not think of George—he is our first-born; and you know they say he looks like his father." His voice faltered, and his eyes overflowed. "And certainly, we cannot part with Mary," said the mother, hastily; "you know—you know—" and her voice failed, and tears came down like rain.

"Then there is Jimmie." Now Jimmie was the "sheep" of the family, slightly off color; he made more trouble than the rest; and you would think that he could be spared without much trouble. "No, no, we cannot think of letting *him* go," said they both in one voice. Then they spoke of one who was slightly crippled, whose pale face gave the mother so much concern. Let *her* go? Not for a moment. And they named them over till they came to the little tot in the cradle yonder. Many chains were these, and would they have one broken? How they chided themselves for ever thinking of such a thing! Out yonder in the churchyard lay a little one. They would have gone out that night and brought it in if they could. How eagerly the mother watched for the stranger next morning, and before he could say a word, she cried out: "You cannot have *one*, sir—we cannot spare them!" Such is the holy bondage which love creates; and the truer we are the tighter will the chains be forged!

The higher expression of faith is here:

I've found a Friend, O, such a Friend,
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him.

And round my heart thus closely twine
The ties which naught can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever, and forever.

The gospel is pre-eminently a love story. The Master, like a true lover, lays siege to the heart. If we are truly won to him it is a love affair, pure and simple. Any other motive in the gospel fails of the Christ idea. Paul is the bond-slave of Jesus Christ; he has changed masters, and is now a love-slave. There is freedom, there is joy divine.

The saddest sight in all the world is one seeking to unloose the bonds of love-slavery. They left their first love in that last book of the Bible. The prophet also had some experience in that direction. Oh, it is sad beyond expression—this casting off the bonds of love. Has he won you to himself? Do not try to get away! There should be other weddings in the wedding month of the year. A wedding to goodness, to purity, to righteousness, to Christ. Let the nuptials be now declared: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Standing by Another's Need.

I have in mind today a man who seemed to embody in himself the striking characteristic suggested in the title. The peculiarity of it was that his name was not known in the next county; he had no honor, fame, or even common notoriety; yet in his immediate village he was known and loved for his silent ministry—he was ever standing by another's need. He was not a man of means, but was what we might call a plain working-man, doing his daily stint in the great task of life.

There were two beautiful traits in this man's character; he had no idea that he was standing by another's need, it came so natural to him. Then, he had a poor opinion of himself. If Paul considered himself the least of the saints, this helpful man often looked upon himself as the worst of sinners. Suppose, for the sake of getting at the helpful side of the matter, I separate these traits for a moment. When any distress was about, this man was expected (that is, folks thought it perfectly natural that

he should do so) to be on hand, and stand up against that hour of need. If anything went wrong in the meeting, if some one were taken sick, if other peculiar need arose, he was on hand, seemed to be "set apart" simply to stand up against another's need—and how faithfully he magnified this holiest of offices! If any special work was to be done, if by reason of another's need some one had to miss the sermon, or forego the pleasure of an attractive service—all on sudden call—this unknown helper was naturally looked to to stand up against the pressing need. Had he been an official, or a man of peculiar strength and influence in the town where he lived, one might feel that he was simply maintaining his position by being helpful. There is an official helpfulness which is good in its way, but it never has the sweet flavor of the voluntary service that is given, one hardly knows why—but it seems to be the God-inspired thing to do.

It is difficult to say just how he began this work of standing by another's need; of course he could not tell when it began for he did not know that he was doing it; so to him it had no beginning. He seemed quietly to glide into his holy office, and he performed the duties—

all unconscious to himself; yet he was ever standing by another's need. Sometimes thought, in the days when I knew him with fair intimacy, that he was often imposed upon, by people who found themselves against another's need, and who slipped out of the service by pushing it onto the hands and heart of this quiet man; but he always seemed to act as if it were just the thing he was called upon to do, and he did it—and as far as I know, if he is living, he is keeping on in this noble path of love.

The other trait which I mentioned was the feeling of unworthiness which so often swept over him. He was often assailed by the tempter, and he made the common mistake of confounding temptation with sin; so he was frequently overwhelmed with the sense of unworthiness, because of these things. I do not say that this is a beautiful trait, exactly, but it indicated a lack of conceit which is most helpful in this day of swollen heads. When these things are put together—standing by another's need and standing unconsciously, I confess I do not know a better lesson to try to teach. It is a blessed thing to know that the world has a multitude of these silent

helpers ; who have no official orders to be good and to do good, but who go ahead with the secret inspiration of heaven and scatter good without knowing it. But the number is too small.

Here is a company of people called together as a church of Jesus Christ. Say they number only two hundred persons. They are maintaining the regular life of a church in the community. What might be the influence of that church in that community if every one of the two hundred interpreted the chief business of life as standing by another's need ; who would take that principle of living and worship as expressing itself in a daily ministry, seeking to touch the world at the point of its need ;—I say, what would be the effect of such a church on the community ? The result cannot be measured.

Does this mean that the average Christian does not so interpret himself or herself ? Precisely. We have so much to do, apparently, in standing up against our own need, that salvation is a thing by which we are saved from many things, and not saved unto the many things which really form the bulk of the teaching of the Christ, who stood up against the

need of a whole world, and gave himself for it. There is altogether too little unofficial service; we seem to require appointment in order to special service. "You do not seem to shake hands as often as you did," was the remark of one Christian, to another, not long ago. "Well," was the astonishing reply—more astonishing because it was innocent—"I am not on the reception committee this year!" That tells the whole story of service, valuable when it is unofficial, reprehensible when it is only the result of official appointment.

On one occasion a lady arose in a meeting and said, "I do not want to be visited by persons simply for the reason that they are officially appointed to do that work; I do not care to see them." That was blunt; but every syllable of it was overwhelmingly just and right. A pastor is often handicapped in his best service for the same reason—people feel that he is paid to visit them! I wish it were possible to take the teaching of this chapter and burn it on the heart of every reader of these lines. We have come out into the clearing of reading God's purposes for us all when we accept the fact that we are ever to place ourselves athwart the need of another, and seek

to supply it. No one can live an aimless life who seeks to stand over against another's need. And it should be remembered that this rarely calls for great and noteworthy service; the multiplied ministry in the daily kindnesses, the helpful words, the smaller sacrifices, work out at the last the eternal weight of glory that God will give to him who is faithful in the least things, standing over against the need of another's life.

Who was Dorcas? Nobody knows, only that there was a woman who once upon a time sewed garments for the poor and needy. When she died some of these poor people stood about and talked of the things Dorcas did; "She made this garment I have on," said one poor woman. Turning to Peter, another woman said, "Do you see that garment worn by my little girl there? I was sick, and could do no sewing, but Dorcas came over and made that garment for my little girl." And so the story went on as they told of a quiet soul whose life was simply that of standing over against another's need. No wonder Peter called her back again; she was worth calling back. If you will allow me to put the matter in this form, I should like to say that there is no record of anyone who

was called back into this life, in those strange days, who was not worth calling back: Jairus' daughter, in her sweet and girlish love; the son to the needy widow by the gate of Nain; Larazus, to the heart of one of the rarest household in the story of the Wonderful Life; Dorcas—to her needle again! Oh, it is full of the holiest suggestion!

She was a poor woman, who by reason of need, was kept from many a service for her Master—which she thought he might require of her hands; and she was dying. She was saying to her young daughter who stood near the bed that she regretted her fruitless life; she was wishing that she might have more to show the Master when she met him face to face. "Mother," sobbed the daughter, "show him your fingers." No, she was not to be saved by the work of her hands, but she was to be blessed by the ministry of those hands!

Look yonder at the phase of the judgment as given by Him who will sit in judgment: The basis of it is on standing over against another's need, and ministering to it. Those who did it were blessedly unconscious of it—but they did it; while those who did it not were also unconscious of their selfishness—but they did it not!

Failure to do one's duty unconsciously does not change the fact that we have failed! It is a man's business to seek to do his duty; and the sum of duty and privilege is standing over against another's need, seeking to supply it.

The Duty of Being Pleasant.

That man is to be pitied who was born on the "off" side of things ; who instinctively takes the opposite side of a subject, whether it is right or not ; who never smiles only in ridicule or when he makes a joke himself, in which case he must laugh to start the other folks going ; who is never pleasant, save when it seems singularly profitable to be so. There is room for a heart talk on the subject of pleasantness.

Once upon a time, when the world was younger, there were three men with whom I was very well acquainted. They were strong men, intellectually, professionally, and in a business way. The lessons they taught me were most valuable ; that is, they taught me what not to do, by seeing the mistakes they were constantly falling into. The peculiar characteristic of each was an apparent inability to be pleasant.

Perhaps they did not try to be pleasant ; in any event, the chief complaint lodged against

them was that they seemed to consider sternness and brusqueness and hasty speech signs of strength. For some phases of character they were ardently admired, and perhaps loved; but the absence of pleasantness spoiled everything else. For the sake of familiar speech let me call them Peter, James, and John. Should a copy of this book ever fall into their hands, and two of them discover this chapter they need not feel badly about it; perhaps it will do them good—if old men can learn lessons in that direction. In any event, unless I am greatly mistaken, these three men will find duplicates all over the world, so their identity is lost in the multitude.

Peter was somewhat more severe than his brothers. He always met people with his "firs" up. It was a most difficult thing to be cordial with him; yet he had a wonderful heart. He would go any length to be of service to anyone in need, without ever a thought of receiving anything in return; all the while he was grumbling about it. If you touched on certain subjects in which he was especially interested, the chances were that he would snap at you as though you were on forbidden ground. He simply could not be pleasant. The

unfortunate phase of it was that he knew it, felt the barrier—as it was—to his complete success; yet he did not seem to make much effort to change things. It grew on him; he kept losing friends—among them some of the best he ever had. When I saw him last in that dim long ago, he was as cross as ever, finding fault with everybody, yet doing good in a way only God could know, who will surely reward him. I often wondered why he never seemed happy—save when he was miserable, and making other folks so! Perhaps he was born that way—more's the pity; yet he might have been born again!

James was a man of singular strength. When he took hold of a thing it had to go. "Pike's Peak or ——!" was always written on his wagons; and you never saw one coming back over the prairie with that forceful word "——" on it. James forged ahead, worked like a beaver, and incidentally saw that every other man and woman about him worked in the same way. In those days I never knew a man who could make more friends and lose them in a shorter space of time than my friend James. It was all on account of one thing; he could not be pleasant. If you

discussed a matter with him, and he was on the other side of the subject, he always impressed you as being mad—at something, or somebody, or, perhaps, at you. And when he was in a committee meeting, he never smiled; he was silent for a while, and then when he spoke he threw a handful of scorpions into the meeting, and the sting was felt on every side; yet he did not mean to do anything wrong. He simply lacked the grace of being pleasant; he had not cultivated the faculty of being “sunshiny.” He was also like Peter in this: he was ever sacrificing for something or for somebody. When the records are opened on high he will have a large account to his credit.

Poor fellow, had he been pleasant he would have a hundred friends where he only had a half dozen. He cultivated snappishness. It may have been beneath his dignity to smile and be pleasant among the people who were his servants, yet I always thought he would get double work out of them if he got closer and warmed up to them. Perhaps he was born that way, too; yet he might have been born again!

And what shall I say of John? What a fine fellow he was! I see him now as he came

from school with his parchment signed and sealed. He was a noble fellow. He had worked his way through school, and as is always the case with such fellows, he had something when he graduated. But here was his difficulty: he did not know how to be pleasant. He entered business and was successful after a fashion. He walked through his establishment, seeing nobody in it; he never said, "Good morning" to anyone, save by the most icicle nod. He had the strange notion that any other course would create familiarity with the workers and lessen his dignity and power. While there was a general liking for him, for the sake of his ability, few people really loved him, for he did not allow them to get close to him; he never had a smile for anybody, rarely laughed, really did not know how to be pleasant. Yet he was a rare spirit, always worked hard, was willing and able. When he died, some mourned him, but one could see that few really loved him. They did not know why they could not love him, for he had some lovable qualities; but people did not know of them; they were hidden under an unpleasant exterior. He lacked the grace of pleasantness.

On one occasion we had an evangelist

preaching in the old church. He never smiled—not once in four weeks' preaching. While the gospel he preached was the "good news," it never sent sunshine into his own soul. His invitations to Christ were sad in the extreme. Two little girls stood outside of the meeting one day; one was on her way to the meeting; the other had hastily come out. "Oh," said the latter, "I do not want to go in there again; aren't they sad in there!" It was reported to me, and I told the good man; but he did not know what to do about it; he could not be pleasant. The gospel was agony to him; where he won one soul to Christ he might have won a hundred—had he possessed the sweet grace of pleasantness.

Perhaps as we look over these lines together we may be led to the mirror yonder. Look and see whether we lack in this needed grace in this day of rush and whirl and selfishness. The world is dying for sunshine; the sunshine of a happy face, possible only to him who has the light within. We all might have more friends if we showed ourselves friendly. There is no dignity in coldness, no strength in being gruff, no sense in being snappish; but there is every element of nobility to be manifested in Christian courtesy and pleasantness.

The Art of Keeping Sweet.

Over the desk of a friend there hangs a beautiful card with this striking inscription: "Keep sweet, no matter what happens." It has a peculiar effect on all those who come into that room. Perhaps there is a man who is in a fit of anger; some one has wronged him; and he comes to "have it out." But he cannot remain angry in that room—if he lifts his eyes and reads the motto. The occupant of that office is on the side of his motto—you cannot disturb his equanimity; he is kind, noble-hearted, honest; he has lived to the years of discretion, experience has taught him wisdom; he knows that it takes two to have a quarrel—and he never has a quarrel. He is not soft, or sentimental, nor "goody-goody;" he is a wholesome man, never loses his temper, and is the embodiment of his motto. So the man who came in to have a storm goes out with a sweet calm in his heart, if such a thing is possible.

No one rubs up against this workaday

world, in the rush and push of business and social life, one who might be called a lover of his kind, who is not often astounded and grieved at the lack of sweetness among men. Here is a man set over his fellows; perhaps he is a proprietor. He has an idea that the dignity of his position or the general good of his establishment demands that he be somewhat austere, severe, with now and then a general tearing out of things, in order to have his work done properly. He lives up to his ideas, and becomes the most heartily hated man in the establishment. People work for him because they can find nothing else to do; when they can secure another position they will take it, leaving their employer in much confusion because they leave at a time when he can ill afford to have them go. Or, it may be some underling, a foreman, or superintendent. What a tyrant he is! He thinks that in order to keep on good terms with the concern he must be as mean as he can be; and no one loves him. Neither the employer nor the foreman have learned the secret of getting on with people; no matter how good they are, how much they give to the poor, or to the kingdom—they are heartily hated for

the one reason that they have not learned the art of keeping sweet.

On one occasion an old man took me through his large establishment. As we passed along he said, "Most of these people have been with me for many years." He approached a woman near by and said, "How long have you been with me, Mary?" She blushed a little; the old man did not think he was ungallant in half exposing a woman's age; but she replied with a smile, "Twenty-four years." He asked another, and her reply was, "Twenty-six years." Throughout the establishment were men and women who had worked with that old man for twenty and thirty years. He seemed as happy as a boy. He said, "Every effort has been made to get these folks from me; big concerns have offered them fine positions if they would leave me and give away the secrets of our business; but they will not go;" and his eyes were full of tears as he thought of their loyalty to him. The secret of his success was disclosed one day in another place. A number of team drivers were talking at noontime about "Christians." They were about to declare that there were no such folks

on the earth, when one colored man said "Well, I drove a wagon for Blank and Company for over eight years; if there is such a thing as a Christian in this world, Blank is one!" He was the man who had kept sweet through all the years, and so kept his help loyal and true!

It is related of the Tomb's Angel, Mrs. Foster, who perished in a hotel fire in New York, that she had a habit of greeting the rather brusque, and somewhat hard, Irish sheriff in this way: "Good morning, Mr. Sheriff, are you good-natured this morning?" And he would fall from his stilts, his heart would open, and his best manhood shine out in the glad reply. She had the art of keeping sweet.

There are some folks who have suffered injury, perhaps unintentional injury, but it was an injury for all that. At no time is the memory of that injury absent. On regular occasions it comes out, the uncanny skeleton is rattled in the face of others, and life is made miserable for a whole circle. Why not learn the art of keeping sweet? There are some folks who take hold of your hand in such a way as to suggest a cold fish, dead, slipping through your hand; it is the glad warmth

of an iceberg! There is no reason for it save that the owner of that hand has not learned the art of keeping sweet. Dr. Parkhurst's man with the oil can has a message for every man on the earth.

It is when these things are applied to the realm where Christians live and work that the subject becomes serious. A Christian establishment should be the best place to work in all the world. It should be a winsome place for those who are not Christians, and a place of joy to those who are followers of the King. When employees lose confidence in their employer, it is usually his fault; when he has reason to lose confidence in them, it is quite generally their fault. Every establishment controlled by Christian men or women should be a model establishment; they should pay the best wages the business can stand; the workings of the business should never violate the conscience of a single employe; while the employes should look upon the business as their own, and so work for it. It is sometimes said that establishments controlled by Christian people generally pay the poorest wages, and are the hardest places in which to work. Of course, it is not true, as a general rule; where it is

true, the harm done to the kingdom of God is immeasurable. When President Baer, of the Reading Coal Company, talked about the divine rights of coal lands, of the claim that God had set him and a few others over these things, he did more to increase the hatred of a certain class of men for the church of God than a thousand preachers can remedy in a year. Sensible people know better, but there are thousands who do not stop to reason.

The art of keeping sweet, in plain language, is a heart filled with the grace of Jesus Christ; grace in the sense of having the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is the crowning fruit of the Spirit—self-control. It is a hard thing to achieve when the years lie behind you. It is an imitation of Christ that should begin when the heyday of youth is here. Learn to “keep sweet, no matter what happens.”

It need only be said that this is entirely in the spirit of the “new Christianity,” about which men are speaking. There is a demand today for high living on the part of those who name the Name, never more insistent than now. The world cares little for the man whose creed is as straight as a plummet whose life is as crooked as a knarled oak! And the chief-

est virtue or grace is the fine art of keeping sweet. Should you like a splendid photograph of one who has learned the art, read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.



How to Carry a Greater Load.

A man usually does what he organizes himself into doing. The reason some people are unable to do more than they are doing is for no other reason than that they are not organized for more; they are working to the limit their self-organization. Some people are organized for certain service; to their minds that service commands all their time, and so they fill out that time; to suggest that they ought to take on more harness, that they ought to take on additional burdens, is to insinuate that they are not doing their full duty, and they feel duly insulted. This heart-talk is written in the fond hope that some of us will be lovingly "insulted" into asking ourselves whether we are organized for the work God asks and expects us to do.

When a man's whole time is organized into one task, he is likely never to attempt anything else; he fills out the measure of his time; and he is often surprised that promotion does not come to him. I think it is true that one

can do a big thing just as easily as he can do a little thing—if he is properly organized for it. The world is full of “pottering” people, who simply do their stint, who refuse to do more, who work only for the pay they get, who are like the famous Hibernian who left his pick sticking in the air—because the whistle for dinner sounded just as he got it elevated for another “dig!” Insulted Hibernian! But the pleasantry has often served to adorn a wholesome tale. We all can do double the work we are doing, if we could only be made to believe it, if we were self-organized for it. Now and then we hear a criticism of some people that they have too many irons in the fire; that they will burn some of them if they are not careful. Well; rather have too many irons in the fire, and burn some of them, than to sit by the fire warming your toes, or painting pictures of the flames as they leap up the chimney!

Not long ago a physical director in Chicago wrote an article on Chicago business men. He said that they were a very busy lot; they work hard; they go home very tired; they eat a heavy dinner, then take the evening paper, get into an easy chair by the fire, and stay there till they are drowsy and then go to bed—or else

go out and dissipate in late hours, and more heavy dinners; the result being a nervous and weak company of men, physically. But this does not apply to Chicago alone; it is the American disease. These are the men who have no time for the service of the kingdom; they are driven to death; their business takes all their time, etc. Now in a sense this is true, for the reason that they are organized for just that much service, and for no more. It is not to be wondered at that their blood is not red; it is yellow! If they could but see that they have other powers which are now unorganized; if they could but see that such organization into other service would equalize life, give it vigor, poise, and permanent strength,—how much good they might be to the world, and what an enlarged life they themselves would possess. But they refuse to be organized into other service. I never meet a man who says he is too tired for prayer-meeting, or for the Sunday evening service, but what I am moved to pity him—not for his tiredness, but for the way in which he is deceiving himself; his physical life is parched because the spiritual streams run low. Many a man has robbed him-

self of fullest health because he has robbed God of his honest service.

We are sometimes surprised at what other people are able to do. Here is a man who is at the head of a half dozen institutions. He is at the head of a great business enterprise; he is a director in a bank—and really directs things; he is a member of several other institutions in all of which he is doing his duty. He holds public office, and is faithful to his trust. He is a superintendent of a large Sunday School, and the teacher of an immense Bible class. This is an actual photograph. How does he do it; how does he find time to do all these things? Well, he is organized for it, he grew to it; every burden that came to him he considered well, and if it seemed wise he put another belt on the wheels of his life, until he has grown to the remarkable man he is to-day. A giant in health? Oh, no; I remember some twenty years ago when he occasionally had a hemorrhage; he got over that rather serious difficulty; he is now seventy years of age; I am inclined to think that he will last ten or twenty years more. That is not so extreme a case as some tired reader may imagine; there are many such self-organized men in the world.

To him that hath shall be given; that is, to him that hath work shall be given—more work; and to him that hath capacity shall be given—more capacity. It is the eternal law underneath the parable of the talents; we have not yet received all the light from that wonderful suggestion of the Master, who was organized completely; there is no record that he ever turned away from a call to duty. We sometimes smile and say, "It is like a street car—always room for one more." But the truth even in that is worth noting. The truly organized man is always ready for any work to which God leads him. God never calls men whose names are spelled Micawber!

Mr. Blaikie says that a man can learn how to lift a barrel of sugar as easily as he can handle a scuttle of coal; he says that it is in the "knack" of doing it; but he also says that a man must grow from the weight of the coal to the barrel of sugar. Certainly; it is this matter of self-organization of which I am here speaking, and pleading for.

Here is a vast company of young people, young men and women, who could double their usefulness in a fortnight, if they would only believe it. Organize yourself for larger

things; you never will know what you are capable of doing until you are willing to get under heavy burdens, and lift them, with the help of our Master, who stands with us—under the burden! As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end—he who attempts great things for God is the only man who has a right to expect great things from God.

Entering Another's World.

In one of Patterson Dubois' earlier volumes, "Beckonings of Little Hands," he speaks of a tender experience with one of his little children, who died when he was about five years old. The fall-time had come, and the furnace fires were to be kindled. He told the lad that he might join him in his work; the boy should have a little bundle of wood, and at the proper time he should throw this wood into the furnace. The father cautioned him in several particulars, calling his attention to the necessity of holding his bundle of wood away from his dress, so as not to soil it: then, at the proper time the door of the furnace would open, and he should throw in his wood, etc.

The boy was greatly wrought up over the coming event; he had never been in the cellar when the furnace fires were kindled; indeed, he had never seen a large volume of fire, such as the furnace could hold. All was ready; the flames were roaring up the chimney, when the father said, "Now," and opened the furnace

door. A large volume of smoke and fire shot out, while the laddie, frightened beyond measure, pressed the wood to his breast, soiling his dress, having a look of wild terror on his face. "There," cried the father, "did I not tell you not to soil your dress?" And with other words he rebuked the little lad, who dropped his wood to the floor, started for the stairway, and did not stop running until he found his mother, and there, with his face buried in her lap, he sobbed out his grief. The father was yet more dazed—at his own misunderstanding of the child, and he, too, gave way to grief, though caused by a deeper sorrow than that of the child.

The trouble was, as Mr. Dubois points out, that he—the father—was living outside of the child's world; that while fire and smoke were familiar things to him, they were terrible things to the little child. And he expected that child to suddenly enter into the maturer world and act as if he was at home there—an impossible thing for the boy to do. It was one of those experiences that constantly preach themselves to those who have to do with children, or with those who are dwelling in worlds utterly unknown to us, and therefore

misunderstood by us. The trouble with the lad is being duplicated every day out in the world, and the hearts that are broken are only known by Him who notes the sparrow's fall, who remembers that a man is worth more than many sparrows.

In a certain church, of which the writer was pastor, there was a member of very strange contradictions; he was a peculiar mixture of good and ill; one day he was all that could be desired; in a week he was everything reprehensible. He was withal a bright man, of considerable education, gathered by knocking about in the world. One day he said to the pastor: "I know you think me a strange fellow; well" I am; but perhaps you will not think so hard of me when I tell you something. My father was a drunkard before I was born; I never saw him sober during the first fourteen years of my life; and the happiest day I ever saw was when he lay dead, and I knew he could not trouble us any more." As he told me that story the door of his sad world opened, and I went in for a while, and saw things through his eyes, and tried to read life from his viewpoint. Somehow, ever after that, there was no disposition on my part to re-

buke him for anything, but a growing longing to help him in every way. As long as I could not enter into his world, and see through his eyes, I was incapable of judging him, or even of helping him.

How many people today are blamed and condemned by those who stand outside of their world, who do not understand them, who never can understand them unless they enter into the world where they are living. There are children all about us who do not receive proper care or education for the same reason; neither their parents nor their teachers have taken a glimpse into their child world, and seem to have wholly forgotten their own childhood. A teacher was goading a boy to the farthest, suggesting that he was keeping her longer than she wanted to stay; he looked up into her face and exclaimed, "Don't you see I am doing my best," and he sobbed in grief. It was a revelation to his teacher; she caught a glimpse of his world, into which she had never looked, and her grief was almost as deep as the lad's, if not deeper.

If there is one thing more than another that we should learn in our dealings with each other, it is this lesson of entering into another's

world. It was once expressed in the pithy sentence: "Put yourself in his place," yet that does not quite interpret it. We can not put ourselves in another's place, but we can by loving sympathy enter into that world where our brother lives and read his duty in the light which has been given him; just as we wish to have others enter into our lives and see things as we see them—before they form judgment upon us, and praise or blame.

It is in this particular that the Incarnation means so much. In order that he might understand the weaknesses and passions and troubles of men He entered into man, he took upon himself the nature of man, so that in seeking to help him he might also know the outlook upon the world which the men of the world had. He was not only tempted as we are, but he was tried as we are. The experience in the wilderness, which we call the Temptation, was the typical human experience; so he is able to succor them that are tempted for the reason that he has entered into their world, sees through their eyes, understands wholly and completely. It is this that ought to make prayer to him a peculiar help and joy; we are not only speaking to him who inhabiteth

eternity, but to him who was bone of our bone, who for our sakes entered into humanity that he might help humanity from the inside. And he who would be like his Lord must cultivate that spirit as far as it is possible. We shall be better helpers one of another when we try to see through each other's eyes. What tears would be wiped away today, what griefs assuaged, what mistakes righted, what skies brightened, if we simply sought to enter into one another's world.

How He Saved Himself.

A few years ago a minister of unusual ability became entangled in differing views of the atonement of Jesus Christ. So confused was he that he did not know whether Jesus Christ died for anyone or not; whether the death of Christ had any power or not; whether the death of Jesus was a beautiful object-lesson of the love of God, or whether Jesus died that other men might be saved. Was Jesus a ransom, or did he simply show his great love in dying? The minister was naturally weakened in his presentation of truth; hymns like "There is a foundation filled with blood" did not please him, for he did not believe in the fountain, or the necessity for a fountain. All that a man needed was to be "kind, and do the best he could," which was the sum of his religion. But he did not get so far away as to become an open advocate for the things toward which he was drifting. There was a lament in his heart that his preaching was lifeless, that there seemed also

to be little life in his people. In considerable distress of heart and much mental agitation, he sought a friend and asked what he should do to regain confidence in the atonement of Jesus Christ; that he might again believe in its power to do what he had been earlier taught it could do—but faith in which he had almost abandoned through his wide reading and study. His friend's advice was this:

“Go to the South Water Street Mission in New York, or several other missions of like character, and spend a month in looking into the things that make new lives in those wretched sections of the great city. You will find something after this order: Night after night you will listen to the testimonies of redeemed men and women; you will look at the speakers, and see that they are neatly clad, with every indication of clean and righteous living. Perhaps you will find a fine-appearing young woman at an organ in one of these missions; she has every appearance of refinement. Her story will be like this: ‘You all know who I am, what I once was. A poor outcast, I came to this place months ago, and heard of the blood of Jesus that could wash away all my sins—which were many; I had heard it in my

childhood, but it was a forgotten teaching. After hearing the story from those who had been saved, I thought there might be some hope for me. I came to Christ, and the power of God took hold of me, and I have been a new creature ever since; the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed me from sin.' As you listen to this woman, you will be amazed at the transformation that has taken place in her life; and all about her will be those who can tell a similar story. Should you stay a month, you will have a revelation of the power of God through Jesus Christ, of the value of the blood-atonement, such as you have never received in all your investigations. The reality of the atonement of the Christ, or the philosophy underlying it, can only be discovered at the point of its application to the needs of the world; that which you call the old-fashioned gospel needs no bolstering in order to prove its power; the reason that people are not won to God, or that bad lives are not changed to good, is not because the gospel has lost power, but faith in it has declined in many quarters. It is yet as it was long ago—according to our faith, and not according to our philosophy."

The confused minister found his way to the various mission stations mentioned. He put in a month looking into things of which he had often read, but the reality of which he had as often doubted. He now came face to face with the conditions with which the gospel of Christ constantly grappled. He heard the stories of redeemed men and women until his heart glowed. He came out of the month's retirement a new man; he took up his work of preaching with a tone and accent it had never known before.

The reason this story is told is a statement made in a letter sent to me some time ago. It told of a remarkable year of a certain minister of the gospel. On one Sunday over one hundred members were received—not by letter, but as converts; making nearly a thousand converts in a ministry covering less than ten years. As I read the letter I remembered the early struggles of this man, how he had conquered the rising doubt which was making him a miserably useless preacher; how he had gone into the needy places—where men acknowledged their need; how he had seen the power of the gospel to redeem men and women from sin to righteousness. It was the

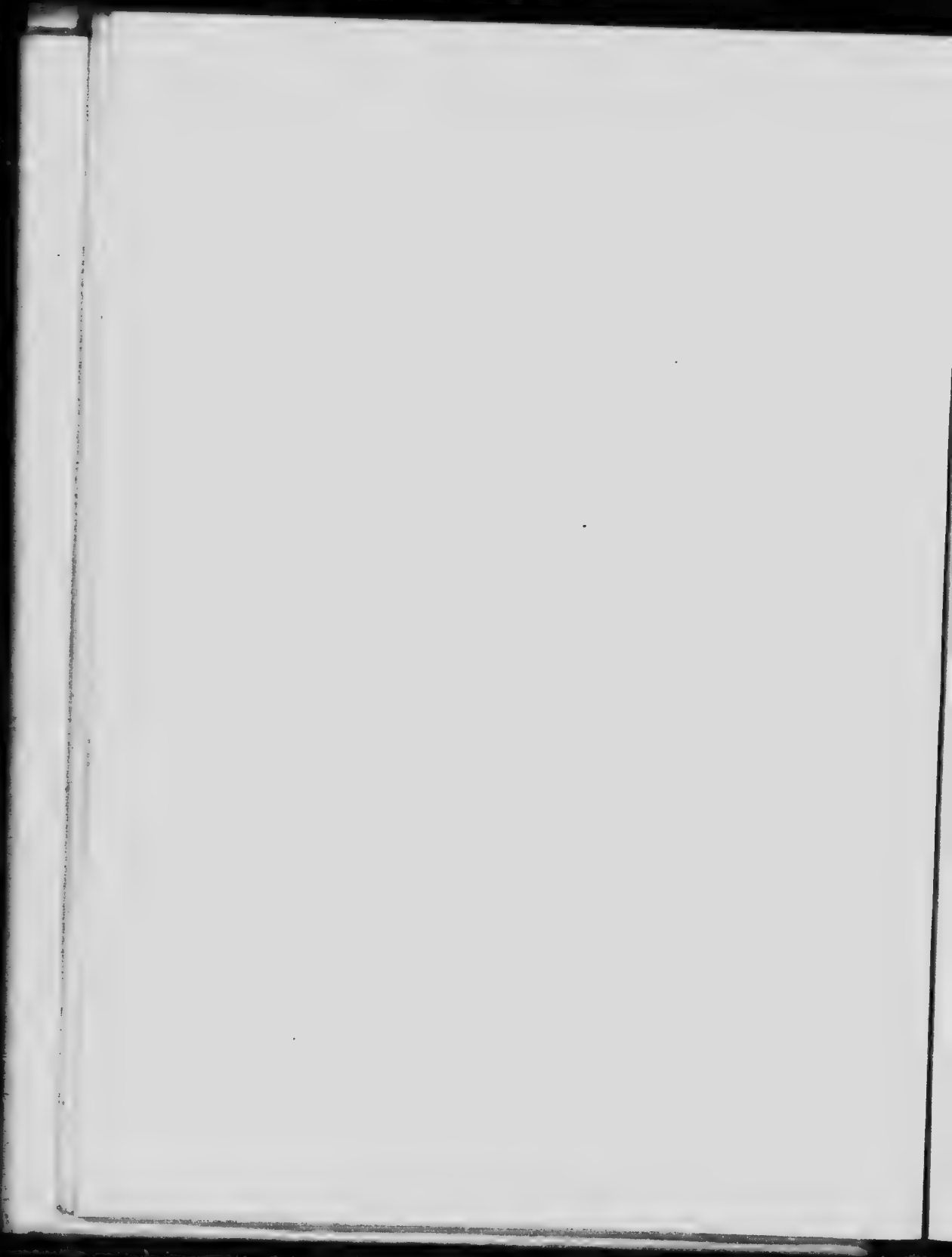
Son of Man lifted up that drew these people out of the mire of sin. The question arose in my mind as to whether this man's restored faith in the power of the gospel had anything to do with his remarkable ministry that followed; and I was inclined to think it had everything to do.

What most of us need, in order to greater power, is a genuine experience in our own lives, which will lead to a revival of faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ as the power that will save the world. The value of personal testimony is inestimable; but testimony is not testimony if it does not reveal an experience, a genuine spiritual movement in the soul. If you will listen to the things said in many prayer-meetings you will see how true is the suggestion here: that there are very few virile experiences in spiritual things. Many of us are not living climbing lives, we move about in a circle; we are to-day where we were a year ago; the same old "temper," the same weakness of speech, the same general make-up of Christian character. Should one greet us now who may not have seen us for a year, it is a question whether he would detect any change in us, in sweetness of disposition—

or the lack of it; we have lived on a level plain, where there are no visions, no great uprisings in the heart after God. The widest reading will not change the situation; the power of the gospel will never be learned in a class room—it must be seen in its touch with men. It is this that makes the missionary such a flaming brand; he comes from lands where the gospel has had triumphs; he has seen the power of faith in God leading many to lay down their lives for the sake of Jesus, who laid down his life for them. The cross is a real thing, his theology is not only blood-streaked, but blood-red all through; it means something, and he has seen its effects among the people in lands afar, where so-called Christian philosophy has not yet taken away its power, in order to a definition.

These two things will save us also—save us to usefulness and spiritual power: a personal experience, in which one realizes that the salvation of Jesus avails for us also, and a sight of those who have been redeemed from darkness to light. It is not the gospel that has lost power, but many workers have lost their faith in the power of the gospel to lift men out of sin into salvation.

We hear much of the new revival—an ethical revival, it is called. No man questions the need of it; there is needed to-day a reconstruction in the ethics of both business and laboring men. But an ethical revival, without spiritual life at its center, born of the things taught in the New Testament, will be like a beautiful house built upon the sand. We know what happened to it when rains came and the winds blew.



The Young Man and His Religion.

[A Letter.]

My Dear Brother:

You ask me concerning the religion of a young man—the kind it ought to be. You are assuming that there are various religions. I should prefer to say there are various types of religion. But either way, the question is worth answering. Unfortunately the notion is abroad that a young man does not need religion—by which I mean the old-fashioned sort. There is much said about the lack of men in the churches; that they are largely composed of women and children. *If it were true*, that would be no disparagement of religion. I heard of a man, the other day, who said he had attended two meetings recently, and the contrast strangely affected him. In one audience he had 996 men and five women; in the other there were fifty-six women and six men. The former meeting was in a state penitentiary, the other was a prayer meeting! That surely is a compliment, not to the

strength of the men, but to the character of the women; yet it is hardly fair to the average prayer meeting.

However, do not be deceived by the common notion that strong men are not religious men. The greatest men of the past were Christians; there are few men of prominence today who are not Christian men, church men; while memory is yet keen in the passing of the Christian President,—William McKinley. Strength lies in the pathway of religion; weakness begins at the threshold of irreligion.

Broadly, what kind of religion should you have? That which develops manliness, not that which leads to sentimental weakness. The religion of Christ is of all things a religion of strength. There is not a note of weakness in the whole teaching of Jesus or Paul. There is always the call to nobility of heart and life, to rugged strength of body and mind. It does not take you out of the world, it puts you into the world; it throws you into the thick of the fight, and says, "There—show thyself a man." There is no problem in any realm which you cannot take up and throw into it the life and strength of Christian character. Every question throbbing in the minds

of men to-day is at bottom a religious question; all of them have to do with the rights of man. Jesus taught a religion leading to strength—strength to grapple with every human problem and solve it in the interest of humanity. Don't be misled by the cry of "Sunday School politics." There has never been an honest man who took up that cry; and you may be sure that the day-dawn of good politics was never so near at hand. That independent young man in the White House yonder is making the old-time politician stand around—and take his hat and pass out the back door. Many are his mistakes from the old politician's standpoint, but his moral strength will carry him through. He is ruggedly honest, and unpretentiously religious.

I have spoken of a religion of strength because it is an age of strength; that is, we have strength "on the brain;" and that means, also, that strength is becoming the fashion. The last few years have brought stooping shoulders and hollow chests into disrepute. The bicycle alone has revolutionized things in this respect. The magazines are covered with page cartoons—not with abnormally fat people, but with muscular people. All their sys-

tems are "without apparatus," which means the normal development of men and women by the use of their natural powers. If one is weak, he is somewhat out of fashion. The religion of Christ fits this idea of strength exactly. A weak man morally, is weak every way; his physical strength only brings his moral weakness more to the front. Unless your religion develops moral fibre, makes more of a man of you, your religion is a sham.

It is sometimes said that there is so much unrest nowadays in the matter of religious beliefs that it is difficult for an intelligent young man to determine what to do, that he can hardly be expected to decide, where scholars differ. The problem is not so serious as you suppose. You want to remember that while there are theological differences there are no religious differences; by which I mean that there is no difference of opinion as to righteousness of life. There is still the insistent demand for pure thinking and right living. The question of theological difficulties can never be forced into the realm of holy living; no questions of biblical authorship, or authenticity have anything to do with morality. Morality is a settled question; he who is wait-

ing for a settlement of theological difficulties in order to determine his moral direction or religious life is bad at heart.

You ought to know, also, that religion is summed up in the person of Jesus Christ. The glory of God is revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. Heart religion begins with him. It is the sum of what we call Christian experience that Jesus Christ saves from sin and imparts a strength against the old weakness. The "method" may be of interest, but the fact is the all-important thing.

So you see there is no difference between the religion for a young man and that for a young woman, or for older people. Now and then a man rises and says there is sex in religious ideas, that the gospel is of such a feminine character that it does not appeal to men. This is consummate sophistry. Faith, hope, love, purity, uprightness, honor—when a man says that these things lack the strength of manhood you had better shun him; he is not fit to associate with for a single hour. That the women were faithful to Christ in his great trial is to their everlasting credit; that men played the coward and took to their heels and ran is to their lasting shame. It is quite true

that the religion I commend to you will act somewhat as a restraint on your life. But it is in keeping with all the forces that enter into life. There is a difference between love and license. I do not think we need to say anything further about it. It is so far beneath the consideration of a true man that I cannot conceive it to be of interest to you. Welcome the bond-servitude of Jesus Christ; you will never taste the delights of freedom till you do.

The Young Woman and Her Religion.

As in the case of the young man, it is assumed that every young woman has "religion;" even the denial of faith is the declaration of a creed. The purpose of this "talk" is a discussion of the kind of religion a young woman should possess.

Much credit attaches to the work of woman in the realm of religion; she is invariably on the side of truth, righteousness, morality, religion. She seems to be of the finer fiber; the world expects more of her than it seems to expect from men. A man may do things and maintain his position in society; any one of which would utterly ostracise a woman. This is not right, manifestly, but it is a testimony to the general estimate of what constitutes womanhood; it also is an unconscious standard of righteousness for the world.

Too often the religion of a young woman is planted in her emotions—and convictions are weak accordingly. True, religion begins in the emotions, but it does not end there. Un-

less religion forms strong principles, it will have but a feeble hold upon life. It is for lack of conviction that a young woman's religion is so often traded upon. Worldly young men do not often have much respect for a girl's religion—though they want her to be religious. I have known young men to trample down the religion of their young women friends, or their young wives, with the same ruthlessness they would manifest in stepping on the grass; they smile at their religion, sometimes ridicule it. He knows that her religion makes her the soul of honor, yet he often puts it under his feet. The trouble is sometimes that her religion is not rooted in firm principles.

It calls for strong convictions in a young woman to be true to herself when the question of a young man's friendship presents itself. "Is he a man of firm Christian principles?" is not asked often enough. She sometimes lessens her religious engagements to please him; she often lays aside principles which she thought were part of her life-blood—to please him. Not that she does wrong necessarily, but she ceases to be actively right—to please him. She often ar-

gues with herself and her friends, that if she yields here and there she may save him in the end. but history shows her to be utterly wrong in that hope. No one ever yet lessened a moral principle in his or her own life, the lessening of which strengthened the moral principle in another's life. The young woman's religion must be peculiarly one of strong convictions, for her own sake, as well for the sake of others.

When you come to consider her religion from the standpoint of relationship the question is just as serious. In God's providence the reach of woman culminates in the perfection of motherhood and home. The central sun of the social life, the family life, is woman. And the religion she has—and she needs much—must lead her into the holiest paths to fulfill this high destiny ordered of God. It is always pitiable to see a young woman becoming an "Andromaniac," one who seeks to imitate a man, both in garb and in manners. Her religion ought to prevent such a tendency; if it is true religion it will lead to a development in the direction of womanhood, and not in the imitation of manishness.

Her religion should be strong enough to

insist on its being balanced in the great work of life—home-making. Do not begin the great and loving task with tears at the onesidedness of it. She should begin it with the joyous loving faith of another, who has taken her hand and heart, and in exchange has supposedly given his hand and heart. There is no more beautiful thing on this earth than the union of lives so brought together, cemented by a common love of God in each heart. Jesus was invited to the wedding in Cana. He should be invited to every wedding today. True, the bride often sends him an invitation, but it contains her own signature only; the groom has no objections, but he does not personally invite him. There is no united looking to God for a blessing, and life is begun unfairly balanced. He may be a manly man, of sterling quality; but can he be a true man if he does not meet faith with faith, and place side by side with consecrated wifeness and motherhood an equal consecration, a consecrated manhood and fatherhood? It is a difficult question to speak about; but it should be thought of now and then, indeed more often than it is presented.

Perhaps you expected a plea for young women to be religious because of the great blessing the religion of Christ has brought to her. That is an old plea, and based on a great fact; but that has been taken for granted. Rather would the emphasis be placed upon the sterling character of one's faith in God. No young woman should surrender her faith in God, nor loyalty to his service, when she surrenders her heart to another. To do that is to take a step downward. She often comes back again, but I have heard her say in returning, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara." Her only safety is in a refusal to make any sort of compromise with unbelief, or questionable conduct. She is never called upon to unite herself to another in order to save him; upon that missionary work God never called a young woman.

Some time ago a young woman sought a divorce on the ground of drunkenness. The judge asked her if she knew her husband drank liquor before she married him. She said she did. The judge said: "You knew what you were doing; you married a drunkard; it is your business to be a drunkard's

wife." The application for divorce was refused. It was a fearful thing to say, but was there not considerable truth and justice in it?

Now, a religion of genuine principle, of uncompromising attitude, of insistence upon a return in honest coin of that which is given—in the way of faith and loyalty to God—would save a world of trouble and many of the things here mentioned would be impossible. The religion of the world is measured by the type manifested through Christian womanhood. When it is low and formal it is because she will have it so. It is a wonderful privilege, and at the same time a grave responsibility.

The Ennobling of Love.

She was a beautiful girl, with sensitive heart, yet unusually simple in her thought of things. For some evenings she had presented herself as an inquirer. She had passed through a series of revival meetings which had been more or less demonstrative, though the influence of the services as a whole was excellent. She could not "find peace," as she put it. There was a half-startled look in her face as she listened to the many things said to her. After long waiting and apparent "seeking" she came into the light, but not in the way she had expected. As the truth was opened to her, she gradually came up to the place of surrender of heart and life to Christ. The simplicity of it almost took her breath. With a half-frightened look she asked, "Mustn't I scream?" "Well," said the worker who was speaking with her, "that is a matter for you to decide; if you wish to, you may scream!" "Why," she said, "I thought one *had* to scream." The relief that came to her

when she discovered the real peace in believing, without the necessity of making an unseemly ado, was beautiful indeed.

About a year afterwards she came to the Christian worker and said: "There is something I want to say to you; I fear you will laugh at me, but I think you will be interested in knowing. When I came to you, a long while ago, anxious to know how to be a Christian, I was desperate. The last evening was a time of unusual excitement. I said to myself that I would not leave the place until the matter was fully settled, and so I put some extra pins in my hat, feeling that if I did make a display in becoming a Christian I would at least not lose my hat!"

That was some years ago when such things were common in revival services in certain sections of this country. The thought that the inflow of a genuine love always made one ridiculous, was so common that when one did not express religious feelings somewhat vociferously the experience was not regarded as genuine.

The incident was brought back a few days ago while overhearing the remark of a noble woman into whose life a great love had swept.

She said: "It seems so strange; I thought I should act foolishly; I thought there would be a feeling of gaiety, bordering on lightness and almost folly. Instead of it, however, there has come a deep sense of awe, a certain uplifting of the heart, a quieting of things, a desire to rise up to higher heights of nobility and worth. The peace of heart, in the sense of it all, has been so wonderful, that I feel more like walking softly than of shouting out my joy." That was an indication of the genuineness of the love which had come into her life.

When we say that in spring the mind of youth turns lightly to the thoughts of love, we are not likely to mean the love that really ennobles, for it often is as changeable as the weather in springtime. The truest indication of a genuine love is when the heart is led to the greater and the deeper things of life; when all the currents of one's being grow perceptibly deeper, and there is a great desire to be worthy of the love. There is no danger of its leading into the lower walks, into the lower plains of life. Unless it leads upward, to a more perfect manhood, to a more exalted womanhood, it cannot be considered genuine;

it is a passing fancy, and not a surrendered heart. One might almost discover the real content of his love if he should stop and ask himself what it prompts him to do—and to be.

This is the test of the love of the Christ in a human life. Its genuineness is determined by its upward leadings. There are some aspects of the Christian life which are wholly lacking in the love idea of the gospel. It is often a gospel of rescue, and not the gospel of love-impelling, and love-drawing. Not for one moment should we minimize the gospel of rescue, but more and more must we emphasize the gospel of love, if ever there is to be any inspiration to the larger life possible through surrender to the Christ. The love that swept that woman's heart was a love that inspired and ennobled. It called to her a larger view of life, a greater devotion to the God of life, who had made the new experience possible—as well as a complete devotion to the object of her love. There came with it loftier thinking, holier voices, stronger motives, brighter visions—a quiet, though intense, life of service and devotion. That is ever the impulse of love—love to God, love for one another—and both have the same root, for in a very real sense

he that loveth is born of God. There is no foolishness here, no danger that one will make a spectacle of himself, by which either he or his friends will become ashamed.

Perhaps many of us have failed in considering love in the aspect of its ennobling quality. We have been thinking of what love would bring to us; how greatly it would add to the joy of life—how sweet to go to heaven when we die! Love does bring much to us, it does add greatly to the joy of life—for life without love is no life at all. But the love-tide that swept through the heart of Paul was not only a love that brought much, but a love that demanded much, a voice that ever called to the best and holiest there was in him, to devotion and sacrifice, for Him who had made that love possible. So the love that filled his heart was a constraining passion, to which he yielded his whole life. It transformed him, made him a new man, gave him new impulses—flooded his life with a light so bright that he still appears as the one outstanding figure on the canvas of his own times.

It is one and the same thing for us all. When the inflow of love makes you foolish, makes you do some outlandish thing, makes

you coarse and careless, you may well question its genuineness. But when it leads you to better things, when it becomes a drawing toward the holiest, the best, the purest; when it becomes like a river in its steady flow, onward to the outer sea of a larger life—the common life we all of us are living—you may well accept it as genuine, for it is God that worketh in you, perfecting love in a human life, which is the consummation of all true manhood and womanhood.

Beginning the Day.

I once knew a good old man, now gone to heaven, who said that he was usually cross and irritable in the morning, until he had a cup of coffee. I always thought he did not judge himself fairly, but his remark often comes up when the beginning of the day is apt to be "cross, or irritable." It would seem that something is needed to help the day begin properly. I suppose the man who takes his toddy in the morning talks in the same way as did my old friend; and perhaps he justifies himself with his toddy when he considers that other men may need coffee, or some other "bracer" with which to begin the day.

In bright summer days it seems almost a crime to lie abed mornings. When the sun is already in the heavens, and the sky aglow with the light of day, it is then too late to get up and begin the day aright—all things considered, being equal. But to get up early, to look out of the window, or better, get out into the opening sunlight—there is a possibility of

spiritual blessing great and abundant. It is ever a pity to lie abed so long that fuss and rush characterize the rising when it must come, in order to meet the hour of work, or to catch the train. There is a manifest loss, which only those who have tried to follow another method fully know and appreciate.

Many a day goes wrong, growing worse as the hours pass, for no other reason than that the day was not begun right. There was feverish haste in the beginning, and the fever kept rising throughout the day. Had there been a little holy leisure, a brief season of calm, in the early morning hour, what a changed day would have been experienced. A Chicago paper has been printing a poem at the head of its first page, every day, for several years. With but few exceptions, the poems have been of a high order, taken from a wide range of literature, from the very best poets the world has known. This daily poem at the head of the news column is a genuine ministry of good. Most men try at least to get the news of the day either before or in connection with their breakfast; if they fail there, they manage to read the paper on the cars. If they take the time to read these

poetic selections—and five minutes is sufficient both for reading and reflection—they receive an inspiration which may help throughout the livelong day.

If, however, the day had begun a little earlier; if there had been time for prayer, for a brief meditation on the word of God, and also a verse or two of some favorite poem—what a day might have been possible! If the opening eyes first rested on some helpful word from a wall scroll; if the strains of a hymn were permitted to suggest themselves with the opening of the morning light, how the tone and temper of the day would have been changed, and perhaps turned into a heavenly mood.

Most men and women walk the paths of sorrow and suffering at some time or other in their lives; some of them—not a few—walk that pathway every day; their pillows are often wet with tears, and the last memory of earth as they sink into slumber is the thought of Him who has promised to watch over them, and tenderly lead them home at last. In spite of a modern philosophy that seeks to make light of sorrow, that simply closes its eyes and says it is not there; I say, in spite of this, sor-

row is there, and the days are often filled with weeping. The exempt ones are the few; man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. If—these things being true—the day is closed with him, what a precious thing in the morning to open the eyes, “still, still, with thee.”

“Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.”

There have been days many when that sweet verse of Mrs. Stowe's helped into the very presence of Him with whom the day opened, though the hurry of the hour might have made his presence unknown.

On one occasion I asked a number of young converts as to their habits of prayer; they had been Christians for a few months, and were gathered together for a friendly talk with the pastor. Imagine my astonishment to discover that most of them were in the habit of praying only at night, very few finding time to pray in the morning. The common excuse

was that they scarcely had time for breakfast; they remained in bed until the last moment, and then made a rush for clothes and food and work! What a way to begin the day; and yet, if the truth were known, the experience of these young people is a common experience.

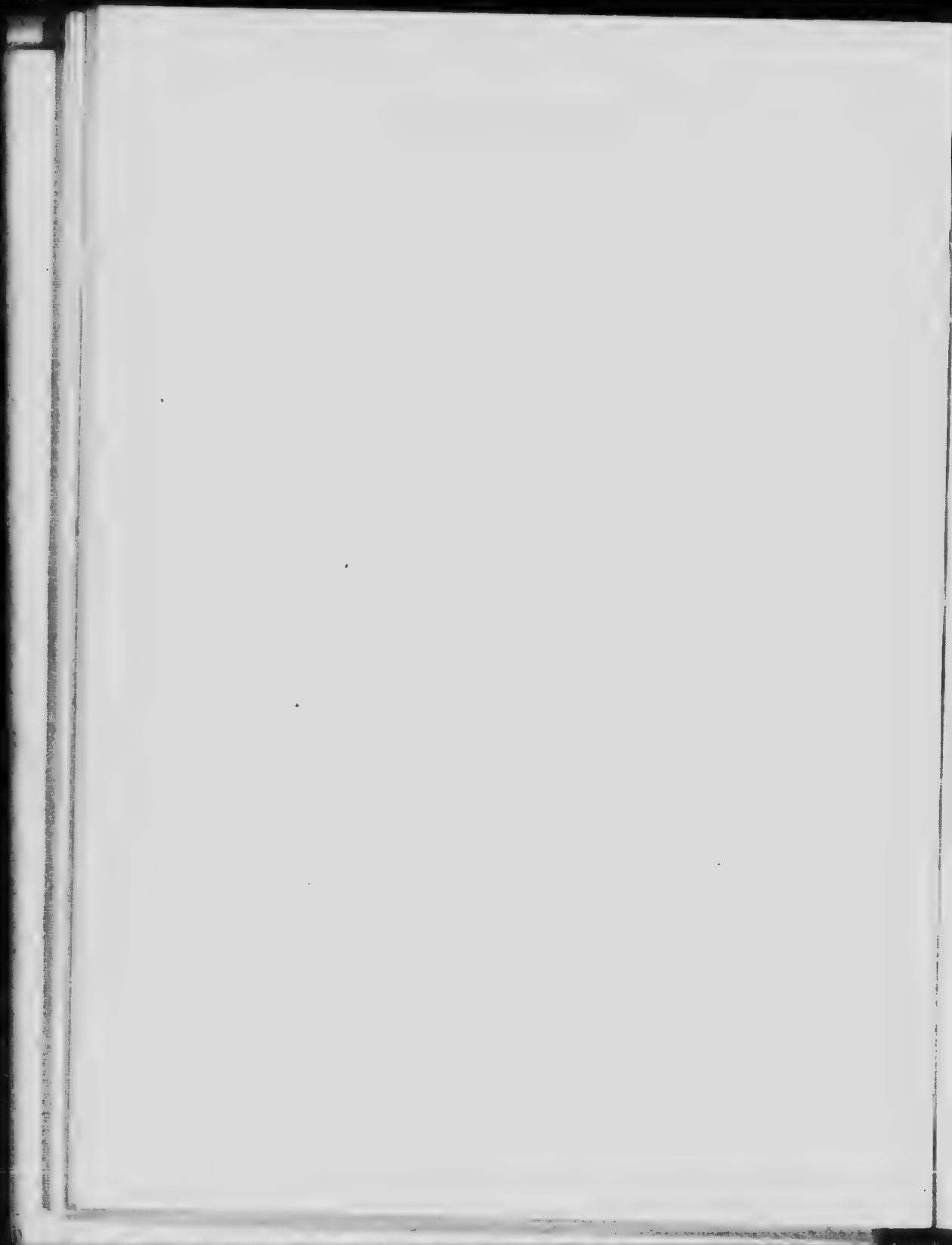
So the days come and go, the inner life receives its cultivation on Sundays, while the rest of the week the spiritual life is almost a waste; for while the morning hours are too short for meditation and prayer, the evening hours are often too weary to permit more than the most formal devotions. Here is the flaming weakness in the churches of Jesus Christ. It is not that we have lapsed in faith; for the most part we have as much faith as we ever had; it is that spiritual life is at a low ebb, men do not enjoy God, because they do not know God; and men do not know God because they do not take time to become acquainted with him. It is trite to say that Christianity is a life and not assent to a creed, but it is not properly descriptive of the large masses of people who make up the membership in the churches. Doubtless they have life; we will not dispute that; but real, virile life in God is not as common as it might be.

Here is a simple suggestion for the deepening of the spiritual life, for the changed temper and tone which should be characteristic of every true follower of Jesus Christ, in his relations with the world. It seems to me that the knowledge of God which men take from God's people is not the spoken word; that may be more or less sincere; but it is the tone and temper and mood with which the work of life is undertaken. And that tone and temper cannot be restored by the old man's cup of coffee, nor even the admirable poem read every morning; it must come by the beginning the day with Him who has brought the morning light. It is not difficult of accomplishment; a few moments in the morning, turning the face toward the hills from whence help cometh, getting hold with fresh grip the things that are unseen and eternal—these things will make the heart warm and fresh, the day new and strong, and the coming evening filled with the calmness of duty done, in the company of him who was ever nigh through all the working hours. This is not sanctimoniousness, for it is a life not to be talked about but to be enjoyed and lived.

It is that kind of a day we hope to see when

the last shadows lie behind us. There will come a day whereon the sun never sets; to enter upon it will be the climax of life. What a blessing to have learned how to open each day of earthly life, "Still, still with Thee!" We shall know Him when we see Him!

"When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!"



Snub-Lines.—A Marine Meditation.

They were having a difficult time to get the big ship out of the harbor. She would swing one way, and then another; the channel was narrow, and the water was shallow. It was needful now and then to get out a strong line and hold one end of the vessel, while the other end was being towed towards the center of the river—so that she might get out into the open inland sea. It took me back to some very early days when I watched, with all the eagerness of boyhood, the towing and “snubbing” of my father’s boat. There were some lines then that were called snub-lines. When the boat was liable to drift in a wrong direction with the current or tide; when she came about with a swing and seemed to get away from those who had charge of her; there was a great line brought out, thrown to a strong cleet or post on the pier or wharf, or to some tug, and, as the boat swept around, this strong snub-line held it—often brought things up with a short turn. Now and then the snub-

line gave way; that is, there was the appearance of a fire or smoke, and the big line went in two. The snub-line was not strong enough.

There are times—often—when one needs a snub-line in his life; a strong coil of truth to hold one in the drifting and shifting currents of human experience; when the current runs one way, and you know you ought to go the other way; and—you are drifting in the wrong direction. Before you can go the other way, you must be brought to a full stop—and stopping isn't easy! Then, the only thing to do is to get out your snub-line, and bring things up with a sharp turn, and then go the other way. I remember an occasion when the best snub-line we had was broken, and it could not be spliced in time for a press emergency. The wind was high, and the boat sadly drifting.

"Throw out your snub-line," cried the voice of a captain in a tug that had come to our rescue.

"We've just broken it," was the answer of our captain. With much difficulty did the tug help us—but at last we were safely lashed alongside the tug, and we came to the harbor.

Broken your snub-line! That is a serious

matter. For the things upon which you have depended for the time of storm to give way, to break—that is a serious thing. And yet there are not a few of us who may have come up to that sorry occasion. They are the false hopes of deluded men and women—and they come near making shipwreck of their faith.

The old Book calls attention to wrong snub-lines. It says, for instance, that you shall not trust in riches. Now, what a comfortable snub-line is money! What one can endure—if he has enough money to pay the bill! Doubtless that is true, but riches make poor snub-lines when the tide sweeps out. He is a poor man who has nothing but money. The politicians talk about a “pull.” That is more than a snub-line, it is a tow-line, supposed to tow them into some desired harbor. But the politician’s pull and the wealthy man’s money are not sufficient in the real tides. There comes a time when a man needs a snub-line other than anything human. The best friends in the world must fail, and the heart stands alone with its grief and its disappointment. What shall save a man when earthly snub-lines fail?

* * *

There was a man who had a number of snub-lines aboard; indeed, they served the double purpose of snub-line and tow-line; they kept him from the rocks, and drew him up the channel, whither he wished to go. There was a time when he was very weak; he did not know how things would turn out—and the stream was strong. But he threw out a snub-line; it was a strong coil: "When I am weak then I am strong." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." And his boat kept the channel.

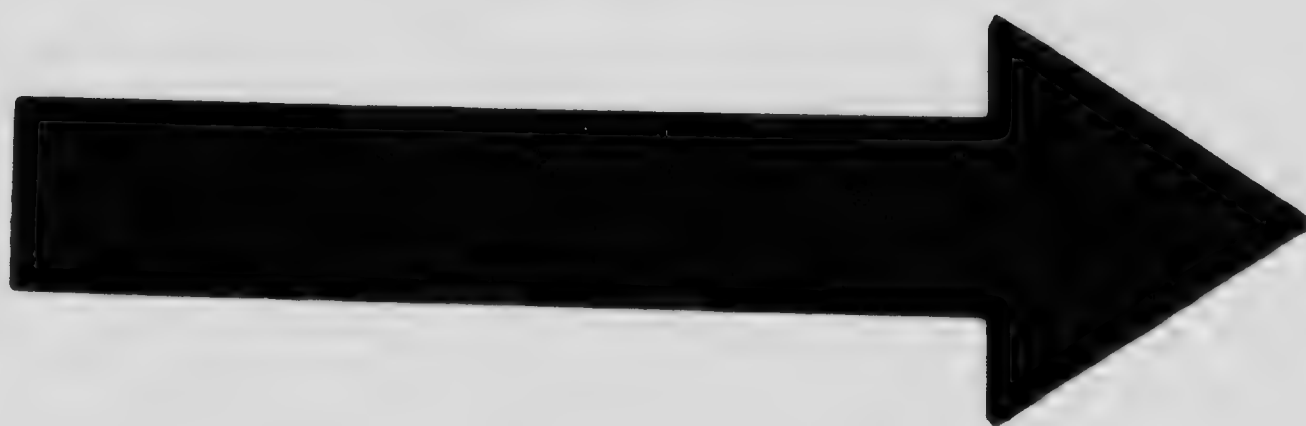
There was another time when fear took hold of him. Could anything separate him from Christ, for whom he had suffered the loss of all things? He threw out a snub-line: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principles, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heighth, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And his boat kept the channel.

* * *

As I sat contemplating the necessity of vessel snub-lines, and moral snub-lines, the subject grew amazingly in my heart. Young peo-

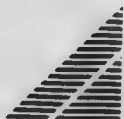
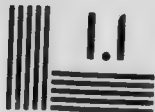
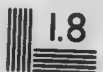
ple need both snub-lines and tow-lines. The ten commandments make excellent snub-lines. It is likely that some do not like them, for they bring one up with a sharp turn now and then. But who shall say they are not needed! "Thou shalt not" is a strong snub-line that keeps the ship from grounding on a bad rock, or keeps it from "swishing" up on the mud-bank. There are dangerous places along the river of time.

And this same snub-line may be a tow-line—if we will have it so. High ideals are the true tow-lines of life; they draw one onward and upward. There is no drifting up the stream, or against the tide; there must be a steady drawing. One can readily tell those who have high ideals, and those who have none. There are those who ever live with their loins girt about them; they never "fray" at the end of things. In service and in recreation they are ever moving onward. When they are inclined to drift, as may be the case under the stress of peculiar circumstances, they bring out a snub-line—and moral snub-lines never break! Their life tow-line is like unto that man who was in several shipwrecks, but who never lost his way, who pressed on



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toward a prize—it was a high calling, nothing less than the reach in character of him who was the Son of God!

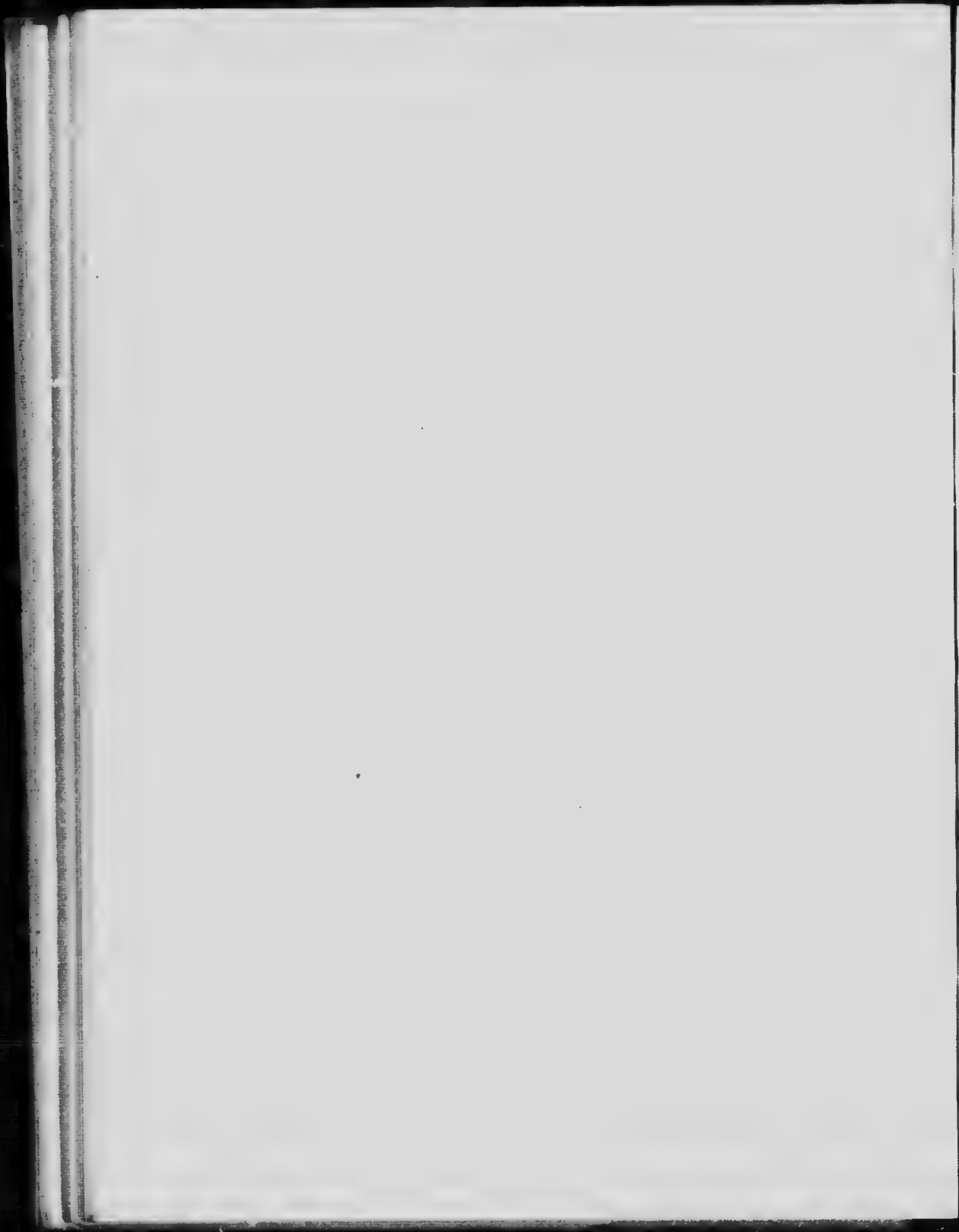
Speaking of this man who had such high ideals, such life-lines that drew him onward, one does not wonder that when he rounded the cape he cried with exultant voice: "I have finished my course." It was a course through shallows and miseries, but he rounded the cape safely, and he is now "safe, safe to land!"

* * *

Suppose we examine our snub-lines and tow-lines. What are the things that keep us, and what are the things that draw us on? Look up the "log" for the past week, the past month, or the past year. What does it say of contrary winds, or difficult places through which we went; of hours lost, "stuck in the mud," of some questionable practice, some fashionable evil? What does it say of smooth sailing in the open sea, with steady gain through wind and the tide and shoal and rock? More; let us consult our sailing charts. What are the dominant purposes of life? What do we propose to do—do we "purpose" anything, or are we drifting as winds and tide in playing choose to take us? How many have no sail-

ing charts; they expect to be tomorrow, next week, next year, just where they are today! And they are today just where they were a year ago. I do not know which is worse; tied up, rotting at a decayed old wharf, covered over with barnacles, or drifting in a dangerous tide; the end is about the same.

But our ship is out to sea.



When Sin Loses Its Shame.

To every lover of this kind—and every true man ought to be such lover—the growing looseness in regard to Sunday observance must give rise to much alarm. The “Sunday nation,” of which title America was formerly justly proud, is likely not only to lose the name, but also its character. One always expects “the world” to break the Sunday, save where old traditions still hold some ungodly people in check; but when the desecration is traced directly to many of God’s supposed people, there is reason to consider seriously what will happen when sin loses its shame. What will take place when those things which were once considered sinful—and time cannot change morals—are looked upon as proper and permissible; when eyes are simply closed, and people refuse to consider the moral aspects of certain questions?

Some time ago, in discussing the question of church attendance on Sunday evenings, a prominent minister from the east said to the

writer: "Do you know that Sunday is fast becoming the 'calling day' among the best people in the east? Particularly in New York is this the case. People go to church on Sunday mornings, but that is the end of it; in the afternoon and early evening they have social functions, dinners, etc.; in some instances—and the habit is likely to grow—the church people are abandoning the evening service altogether, the ministers themselves attending many of these social functions. This is more widely prevalent than people are willing to admit." It did seem at the time that there was a possible exaggeration in the statement, especially as regards church people, but a prominent writer, Mr. William Curtis, went into the subject for a Chicago daily, which goes much farther than any of us anticipated. Said Mr. Curtis:

"As a rule, wherever there are preachers worth hearing the churches are crowded in the morning. When you hear a clergyman complain of empty pews and lack of interest you may be sure that it is largely his own fault. Every church on Fifth avenue is filled to overflowing each Sunday at morning serv-

ice when the weather permits, and the same is true of the churches upon Madison avenue and the West Side and on the cross streets, except here and there, where there is no attraction either in the pulpit or the choir.

"The same people, however, may usually be seen at musical performances in the afternoon and at dinner parties in the evening, either at the fashionable hotels and restaurants, or at the houses of their friends. They would consider it very wicked to attend a theater or an opera or go to a ball on Sunday evening, but see nothing wrong in listening to a subscription concert of classical music or a so-called "sacred" concert, at which the compositions of Strauss, Sousa and the classical composers are sanctified by a few selections like "The Holy City" or "The Palms" or "There Is a Green Hill Far Away." The program of a "sacred concert" a few nights ago at one of the theaters contained selections from the latest comic operas and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," sung to an air written by Sir Arthur Sullivan; "Jesus Lover of My Soul," arranged to the air of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and that grand old hymn, "My Faith Looks

Up to Thee," rendered by a quartet of opera singers with a reverence that almost brought the tears to our eyes.

"The amusement columns of the Sunday newspapers contain long lists of advertisements of "sacred concerts," and very often the programs are given, in order to catch church people, of that kind of selections which seem to reconcile the entertainments to the injunction of the fourth commandment.

"Sunday has also become the most popular evening for what are known as family dinners, that is, informal dinners, which begin at an early hour—at seven instead of eight o'clock, and at which the guests are not expected to dress as elaborately as on week days. When you receive an invitation to dine "informally" on Sunday evening you may understand that such an entertainment is intended."

The irony is easily detected in the above quotation, and all but the most hardened people can detect the tone of disgust and sarcasm hidden within the reference to church people. It is a case where sin—the sin of Sunday desecration—is losing its shame, and when that day fully arrives it will be a dark hour for the land in which we live. And it will be

supposedly good people who will have wrought the ruin.

It should not be supposed, however, that "society" people—so-called—are solely at fault. It is the growing habit in many places for good people to stay away from the churches on Sunday evenings. They fill the hours with social visiting, friendly intercourse, or enjoy a late dinner, making it a family reunion, with a few invited friends. A good brother said not long ago, "Just as we were ready to come to church the door-bell rang, and we had visitors—and they were church members, too. So we had to stay at home and entertain them." He added, after a pause, "I was mad enough to whip them." Perhaps his anger was justifiable. But—had that happened twenty-five years ago, in many homes where now the children continually break the Lord's day, the father would have said to the visitors: "We are always in the habit of going to church on Sundays, both morning and evening; we shall be glad to have you join us; if you cannot, I hope you will excuse us and come and see us on another occasion." The above incident is but a sample of thousands that occur every Sunday in which people

who once would have counted these things sinful, now think nothing of making the day of worship a day of feasting nigh unto outspoken wickedness. The writer is personally acquainted with people who are regular in their attendance at church Sunday mornings, who are members of a denomination that has legislated strictly on the questions under discussion, who are also regular attendants at the theater on Sunday afternoons. The truth is that sin has lost its shame for these people; the churches are empty on Sunday evenings, and there is no evangelistic work done, for there is nobody about to engage in it; the "church" is at home, or away on a visit, or, perhaps, at the concert! God pity us when sin loses its shame!

Not long ago a prominent musical organization in a western city, which sings the oratorio of Messiah every winter, arranged for two concerts—one for Sunday night, to be held in the most fashionable theater in the city. When one considers that this organization is made up of young people taken mainly from the church choirs of the city; that some of its officers are members of Christian churches, the situation seems all the more de-

piorable. There were some who would not attend the Sunday evening concert, who had conscience enough, and a proper sense of the fitness of things, who would not consent to have part in such a gathering. But the great auditorium was crowded—mostly church people, and the concert was given in fine style. Many were the shekels gathered in, earned for the organization by the young people who had their first experience in such Sunday desecration. A few years ago this would have been impossible; if the parents of some of these young people had been living, that Sunday night would have been one of the bitterest in their experience. The truth is that this sin of Sunday desecration has almost lost its shame; when it is finally lost there will be need of a new litany!

A great charity bazaar was held sometime ago in Chicago by some well-disposed people; they are supposed to represent the best type of society folks. The affair ran on through the week; Saturday night came, and they were having such a fine time that it was considered too bad to stop the bazaar, so they ran it through the Sunday, had a great time, made lots of money for a certain hospital, etc. Yes,

they cleared fifteen thousand dollars; it would seem that the breaking of one little Sunday would not affect things very much. They are likely to say that it is only a spirit of narrowness that would lead to a criticism of such a small violation. Perhaps; yet it is another indication that sin is losing its shame, which is the greatest calamity threatening the people of this land.

It was at a family gathering, with a few friends. The youngest was a boy of eight or ten, perhaps. In the course of the conversation he blurted out, "Mother, how much did you make last night?" "Hush, hush," was her hurried response, as she blushed deeply, and looked most uncomfortable. But the boy was not to be silenced; to him his mother could do nothing that was wrong; everything she did successfully was to him a great triumph. One may imagine the consternation when the boy said with apparent gusto, "My mother made two hundred dollars last month!" Her guests knew she was a card-player, but that she was a gambler was news to them. Yet the shame of the sin was only a veneer—what would happen in that home when it was entirely gone?

Here is an article by a prominent minister discussing the need of a new apologetic; he feels that the time has come for the Christian church to recognize the change that has come over things, and that we should now define the word salvation in terms of modern thinking; that we need a restatement of the old truth. This writer is not a prophet, but he does venture this statement: That if ever there is any change in the present indifference to the truth—that is, a change for the better—it will not be because of a restatement of the old gospel, but a return to hearty belief in things that are right and things that are wrong. No restatement can gloss the fact that sin is sin, that it has made a bitter path through the world. Granted the fact of sin, which is the most tremendous fact in human history, the other question is a vital one: How to get rid of it. If any man knows of a way by which this can be done, other than by the old path, of repentance from sin, and faith in, and following after, Jesus Christ, it is to be hoped he will bring it out quickly. We need a keener appreciation of the awful sinfulness of sin. The preaching of it may not be relished by a pleasure-loving world;

an unbounded prosperity has dulled the shame and pain of sin ; but an evil is none the better for being healed over ; it is sure to break out again. We shall reap the harvest of the present light view of sin which is fearful to contemplate—unless God in his mercy shall visit us with a revival of genuine religion. And it will be “the old-time religion,” if it comes from him.

The Need of a Moral Base Line.

A lawyer said not long ago, in a public meeting, that he was obliged to confess to a lowering of the moral tone in the business world; that the sum of experiences through which he had lived led him to make this rather startling statement. He is not a pessimist, nor a fault-finder, nor a man who has soured on things in general; on the contrary, he is a man who is unusually careful in his utterances, rarely speaks inadvisedly, who always has the courteous attention of the court when he addresses it, who is a true, sensible Christian gentleman. He said that he came to the conclusion with much regret, and expressed the further opinion that he was giving voice to the general feeling among men in his profession. Perhaps lawyers ought to know!

A little while before, an eastern judge, in commenting on certain classes of crime which seemed to him to be on the increase, said that one reason for the increase was the absence of preaching upon the moral law. He said that

preachers have forgotten the ten commandments. How true his statements were may be left to the ministry to say. Certainly the law is not preached very much these days; and men say we are to preach the gospel—which apparently is not the law!

Undoubtedly, there is today a confusion of moral standards. There has been a stretching of privileges, in the defense of necessity, which has taken a great many people away from what they once held dearer than life. Here is a man who slips off to the postoffice on a Sunday morning, to look over his mail. Yonder is another who goes to the office just to see how things look on a Sunday morning—as though he did not know how they looked on Saturday night! Here is a man who carries his books home, and glances over them on Sunday morning. There was a time when these men would have felt the need of a moral germicide had they even thought of doing these things. But those days are gone. There is a student who “gets his lessons” on Sunday afternoon and evening. Two Christian men were standing outside a church the other Sunday after the service. Good men they were, but they were concerned altogether about the

condition of crops, fruit trees, transfers of property, what prices had recently been paid for things, etc. One of the most attentive listeners to his pastor acknowledged not long ago that he rarely heard a word of the sermon, though he looked intently at the preacher; he was working out some problems for the week. The quietness of the sanctuary (perhaps the monotony of the preacher's voice!) just suited his frame of mind, so he worked on successfully! And all this in a day when social and ethical teaching is the bone and sinew of much preaching.

There are many reasons given for this state of affairs; some need not be discussed here; some are entirely in order. There is great need for a moral base-line. A base-line is a line towards which all things are leveled, lifted up or brought down. A railroad base-line is the average line of the road, determined before the digging is begun. All things are made to adhere to that line. What every one needs in his life is a moral base-line. That base-line should be, "What saith the scripture?" Where there is no definite statement, and that is generally the method of the Bible, it is implied in principle. Here is the Bible

base-line: "Do all unto the glory of God." No confusion will ever overtake a man who accepts that base-line and rigidly adheres to it. It will save him a world of trouble, and keep him in temptation from many sources. When the tempter realizes that it is useless to tempt a man on certain lines, he quits; he does not waste effort on such souls. Many a man is tempted in directions toward which he is looking with longing eyes. Victory over sin is often the result of an accepted base-line, which says, "I will die before I yield."

Israel got away from its way-marks, and the prophet pleaded earnestly, "Set thee up way-marks." They needed a moral base-line. The demand on Daniel to drink wine was below his moral base-line, and he could not drink, whether the prince of the eunuchs lost his head or not. Daniel was a crank—that is, he stood in one place and could not be moved; the world can use a regiment of such cranks just about this time. Here are the troublesome questions of social indulgences; to be honest about it the people who are most troubled over them are those who have never clearly defined to themselves what the ruling motive of life shall be; they are drifting on the social

tide, with a rope attached to a floating log! They are not held fast anywhere, by anything. If one has a clearly defined base-line, a method of determining all questions by the principles of God's word—"do all unto the glory of God"—there would be little trouble. To every temptation, to every question which seems confusing, the answer would be, "It is below my moral base-line; it is beneath me; I cannot stoop to do it." That would settle a multitude of troubles.

Here is the question of trying to make a dollar from an investment of ten cents; here is the temptation to put a wrong label on some goods; there is the temptation to so word an advertisement that it seems to give an impression other than the real facts in the case; there is a scramble to get in on the ground floor of a speculation—which invariably means that somebody is to make money at the expense of another poor, deluded victim. The thing looks fascinating. And the desire to get rich, to make money, is the most pestilential flame burning in the heart of men and women today. Many of them are trying to get it, as in the case of the millionaire, without working, or without a salary. "They that

will be rich fall into divers temptations." It was so a long while ago, and the fashion of the world has not changed. What is to help a man to keep the middle of the road? A moral base-line which will demand that everything under consideration measures up to it, or be abandoned.

The importance of the base-line to young people cannot be overestimated. The temptations today are fearfully strong; many are the influences pulling down, not so many pulling the other way. Whenever you find a young man or woman fretting under some restraint you may be sure that the pressure comes from without—which is always unhappy—instead of having a joyous heart-principle, guiding life from within. Restraint from without never yet developed strong character; but God-inspired principles within are sure to develop life into the marvelous stature of Jesus Christ. Have a moral base-line; adhere to it; and you will be in the splendid company of the Young Man who once upon a time steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem! His base-line was the level of a mountain top, and neither men nor demons could swerve him from the high mark.

When the Dollar Mark is the Measure of Success.

The great tide of prosperity which has been sweeping over this continent, is likely to leave as a legacy the settled opinion that money is the measure of greatness; that only the man who "brings things to pass"—by which is meant the accumulation of money—is the man who has succeeded in the real sense of the word. That it is a wrong notion, that it has already resulted disastrously in its effect upon young people, is easy to be seen if one listens to the average conversation, or notes the changes that have come over people who aforetime were simple, devoted folks, of sterling worth, of modest habits, of ardent zeal for the kingdom of God.

The utilitarian measurement is applied to everything. The attack on education, from the high school pupil to the university graduate, is the outcome of the financial measurement of things. Education is put on one side of the scale, and money is placed on the

other. The gross hand of greed presses upon the money side of the scale, and for a time education seems lighter. Such questions as, What can a high school graduate do, or a college graduate do, or a university graduate do? are directly related to the utterly false ideal of the age—which makes the dollar mark the measure of life-achievement. It is aptly illustrated on a title page of a medical almanac I saw lying on a postoffice desk, the other day, out in a country town. It was a finely engraved cover with the words, "Successful men of today," up in one corner. The central picture was a young lad working with a hoe, in connection with which these words were printed; "How ——— earned his first quarter." The name was that of perhaps the richest man in America. I suppose the inside of the book was full of other pictures of other successful men, which, according to the suggestion of the title-page, was the making of money. This kind of literature is flooding the world; it is read by every school boy; it is suggested by some of the magazine articles which appear regularly in high-class publications. The air is charged with it; and we are saying to the great body of youth today,

success is measured by the number of figures after the dollar mark. What are its effects as we see them today?

The spirit of money-getting never possessed people as it does today. It is not the habit of thrift; money-making does not always indicate thrift, for thrift implies honest working methods, whereby a man honestly earns that which he receives. But the present is not thrift—it is the spirit of grasping after that which costs little in the way of effort. Indeed, one of the most “successful” men of the world said some time ago that a man could not get rich on a salary. Just what he meant is not clear; perhaps a definition of riches from his standpoint would be interesting. While in a certain sense it is true that “millions” cannot be made by a “salary,” it is also true—and the truth should be put before every young man and woman in the world—that “millionaires” do not represent the rich people of the commonwealth. Indeed, the safety of society today depends upon the people who are not rich in the sense just mentioned. The day of calamity is here when the dollar mark is the measure of success; and it does not need a pessimist to say that that day is here. Perhaps

some reader will discover his photograph in the following outline. It is a composite description of any number of cases which may be found in any church or community in the land: Here was a young man, an employe; he was making fair wages, and opening up avenues for "extras" which added considerably to his income. His devotion to church work, his zeal in the kingdom, his positive growth in things which made for a spiritual character, were beautiful. By and by he entered into business for himself; he became an employer. Of course days lengthened into nights, and he became much engrossed in his business; all of which was proper, save that one could see that another motive seemed to possess him; he became a money-maker. While he was the first to deny it, unconsciously to himself he made the dollar mark the measure of his success. It required no special insight to discover the change which came over his religious life, and the work he formerly did; to some extent he followed the old path, but in an entirely different spirit; a sense of honor was his, but a sense of love for the things which formerly possessed him, was gradually disappearing. One could see that he came to

his religious engagements in a perfunctory manner; when his work was done, *it was done!* He left it until he came up to it the next time. Singularly, he seemed to blame other folks for lifelessness in the work which had been entrusted to him; but he did not see that it was his own fault. One trembles at his prosperity, for the dollar-mark is the measure of his ideals; that he will stoutly deny it has no bearing on the case whatever.

This is no plea for poverty; there is not one religious qualification in being poor; the Bible does not exalt poverty to a virtue. Those who take "vows of poverty" can find no defense for it in the Scriptures. The Bible does not say that riches are sinful; it simply points out the dangers which riches involve; they that *will* be rich fall into divers snares. It is the paralyzing effects of greed that are emphasized in these warnings. But riches may be great blessings to those who possess them, both for their own development and for the good they may do. The man who said that it was a sin to die rich did not draw his conclusions from the Bible; if his riches were honestly gained he did not need to be ashamed if he did die rich—provided also he was rich toward God.

If his riches were not honestly gained there could be no virtue in giving all away just before his death—heaven does not reckon much on the money gifts of men, save as those gifts represent love for the needy and for the Master who said, "Inasmuch." No man can atone for a life of double dealing by an old age of philanthropy.

It seems unnecessary to try to answer the question, What should be the measure of success? for the reason that we all know it. Yet the old truth should be emphasized: The measure of greatness is goodness; character marks the achievement of a man, whether he has a dollar or ten thousand. The dollar mark has nothing whatever to do with a successful life. That is commercial heresy, of course, but I will risk it. I know a mother who lived a successful life, who died without a dollar; I know any number of such mothers who could rank with an arch-angel in purity of motive, who died poor. And as for fathers the world is full of struggling old men, who are poor, whom men call failures, who will stand in the first rank in the kingdom, where dollar marks are now weighed in the final judgment. None of us can afford to make a dollar at the expense

of anything but thrift; none of us can afford to make money at the expense of love and devotion to God, of service in the kingdom. To a merchant as well as to a mechanic the words of Jesus apply equally: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Let no man excuse himself by saying that he will give himself to money making today, and to the service of the kingdom of tomorrow. That tomorrow never comes. The "kingdom" must be first, today. Whenever anything else is first a man is on the wrong road. And in the measure of his earnestness and devotion in his earlier days will be the grief to heart-breaking in the later days, when he sits down to contemplate the dollar mark, which has swallowed up everything else in his life.

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Lifting Yourself by Your Own Bootstraps.

In the days when small boys wore boots, and it should be said that those days were just as good as these—for a boy—it was always an occasion when the laddie put on his first boots. What pleasure at the bright red tops, with the gold letters, "See my new boots;" what gay strutting, what proud young mothers—and fathers! Also, by the way, what tears at the first attempt to come down stairs with those boots on. Here is a fellow who has some recollections in that direction that are quite vivid: a winding stairway; boots on top, now under, then a curve of a forced handspring order; yes, those were good days!

Well, there is a story told of a little lad whose uncle saw those boots on his nephew for the first time. He reached for the lad, and took hold of the bootstraps and lifted him up several times, the boy straightening himself out in great joy. He liked to be lifted by his bootstraps. The story goes on to tell how

he was left alone for awhile and some one happened to hear him at work in the other room; he had taken hold of his bootstraps and tried to lift, and was astonished that he did not rise in the air. But it was impossible; one cannot lift himself by his own bootstraps.

I was talking with a friend not long ago who had just returned from visiting a sick man; the latter was in a hopeless way, and would never get strong again; .t he was disgruntled, dissatisfied, with no faith in God or man to make him comfortable. "I hardly knew what to say to him," was the remark; "but I thought Hubbard's religion the best I knew of, so I told him to 'be kind and do the best you can.'" The response to him was quick: "But that is an utterly hopeless gospel; that poor fellow needed help from the outside; you turned him upon himself; you practically asked him to lift himself by his own bootstraps." The man, who was a "liberal" preacher, admitted the rather hopelessness of the advice, but said he did not know what else to say or offer the man.

While it would appear that this whole matter was a self-evident, ludicrous suggestion, it is a fact that this sort of teaching is rapidly

spreading among certain classes of people—usually people of supposed intelligence, who ought to know better. Of all the hopeless “gospels,” this is the most hopeless. It is turning the human cry for help upon the one who is sinking in the deep slough of sin: “Be kind and do the best you can!” How can he be kind and do the best he can if he has nothing to do it with? Here is a poor fellow in the midst of the waves, drowning; he has a few feet of rope; he says to himself, “I know how to get to shore; I will throw this rope about my neck and pull myself to shore;” but a drowning man can no more pull himself to shore than a boy can lift himself by his own boot straps! There is one hope for the man, and only one; there must be a power outside of himself to reach out and save him and bring him to shore.

There comes to mind an experience back in the years which may further show the fallacy of such teaching. A miserable young man, who had been guilty of every sin in the decalogue, after wandering several years, came home to his poor wife, asking that he be permitted to die there. He deserved to be thrust from her little home; his illness was such as

to imperil the whole family; but he was taken home. I visited him, and gradually the story of his awful wanderings was told; he said that his father was a minister of the Gospel; that he had been taught better things, but in spite of every good influence he had fallen to the bottom of degradation and sin—and now he was dying. "It is awful," he said, "to die without any hope; what can you say to me?" There was a sinner, poor, wretched, blind—the vilest of the vile. Suppose the answer had been made: "Be kind and do the best you can," what message of hope would there have been for him? It would have been just as sensible as in the case of the drowning man suggesting that he pull himself to shore!

This instance was cited to the disciple of "Hubbard's gospel," and he said, frankly: "Yes, the newer teaching, 'character is salvation,' makes it almost hopeless for such a man; the newer Universalism holds that it will take such a man millions of years to rise up into manhood again, in the world to come." What a hopeless liberalism, what a narrow broadness! And yet there are intelligent people who prattle about this larger hope; but it is no hope at all. The oldest-fashioned

teaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, with its atonement for sin so complete that a dying thief can pass from the shadow of hell into the light of paradise in one brief day, is still the broadest, most liberal Gospel the world knows anything of. If salvation depends upon your own lifting, if "character is salvation," then the life yonder will have very few people on the bright side of eternity, for there are very few who have any character. ² *nam-*ing. When "character is salvation" there is no salvation for any one! We cannot lift ourselves by our own bootstraps.

We are urged to interpret the Gospel of Christ in the language of today; that the old phrases will not do for this day and generation. It may be that some changes are necessary in some directions; no man ought to go through the world with his eyes in the back of his head. But to tell any one that "character is salvation," without telling him how to get that character—it would seem as though the modern way of declaring the Gospel was a serious reflection upon the sanity of modern ways of expression. It does not require intelligence to know that all men have come short of the glory of God; all that is required is hon-

esty. And when you have accepted that, the natural question of reaching up to that glory instantly rises. And to this day has it not been known that any man ever rose to the level of the glory of God save as he came to Jesus Christ in the oldest of old-fashioned ways, acknowledged his sin, repented of his evil ways and accepted Christ as his Saviour. No man can lift himself one inch from the ground by taking hold of his bootstraps; no man can change his moral character by merely being kind and doing the best he can. That comes little short of mocking man in his helplessness.

But, after all, character *is* salvation; character is the evidence of salvation. But from first to last, it is Christ's character, it is his salvation. The truest man is ready to say with Paul that Christ is our redemption and wisdom and sanctification. Whatever a man is in the realm of righteousness he owes to the work of Christ and not to his own efforts. But it is evermore true that character ought to issue from a loving faith in, and following after, Jesus Christ.

Hope—An Easter Meditation.

They were completely bewildered,—the two. The experiences of the past few days had completely overthrown all their hopes and fondest expectations. They were going home heart-broken and defeated—when He drew near!

There is, perhaps, no more pathetic picture in that whole tragedy than the return of the two disciples to their home over the Emmaus road, on the third day after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The disappointment of their lives expresses itself in the pleading utterance: "But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel; and besides all this, today is the third day since these things were done." That is the story of a hope that had died, though they were still lingering about its grave with the longing that something might happen to revive it.

What if Christ had not come in Bethlehem? But a greater question is this: What if he had not risen from the dead? The birth of the Christ was a joyous event, but the resurrec-

tion of the Christ was the assuring of the world's longing, which it had nursed through all the history of man. The strange mystery of death was ever with man; he saw it steal over his loved ones, and take them from his sight; he saw the fullness of life one day, "the paleness of death," the next; there was no escaping the rider of the pale horse. And long, long ago, when the man from Uz was smitten and stricken, and the cry came to his lips: "If a man die shall he live again?" the question was simply humanity's question. We have all been asking it, and will continue to ask it. The resurrection of the Christ is the complete answer. Hope was born, never to die, in the day that Christ came from the tomb.

It is not to be wondered at that Paul made the resurrection the great theme of the gospel; everything hinged on that; if Christ did not rise from the grave his gospel was a failure, and there was nothing left for which to hope or work. There has come a change over the gospel in this particular; the fact of the resurrection is not so important these days, for we have unfortunately given emphasis to the natural Christ, the human Master from

Nazareth, and not to the eternal Christ, the Lord from heaven. His resurrection is not so important if we take his daily life for what it was, and try to imitate it; we know nothing very definite about the future, so we may as well lock it out altogether. There is only one great flaw in this order of argument, which is enough to destroy its force altogether, though unfortunately we are not always willing to listen to it: it would be well enough to imitate Christ and let it go at that, if we were built on a human basis only. But every man knows differently. He is a creature of the future; he knows it, and cannot rub out that fact any more than he can turn the shadow backward on the dial plate. He often asks the question of Job, even when he does not utter a word.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is of greater importance than any discovery of science, any achievement in the world of letters or invention. We are in a long procession, going—where? Is the end yonder by that little mound? No wonder that intelligent scientists, seeing the possible inconsistency between their scientific views and the fact of Christ's resurrection, are willing to surrender the theories of science for the fact of the resurrection.

"If the time shall ever come," said a notable teacher some time ago, "when I must choose between the theory of evolution and the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, I will abandon the theory of evolution and cling to the resurrection of the Christ." He never spoke more sensibly than when he uttered those words. We may need a human Christ—we are not sure about that; but we do need a divine Christ, one who has power over death and the grave. Hope will only "spring eternal in the breast," when the eternal Christ has made a basis for it, by robbing death of its sting, and the grave of its terrors.

Now and then comes a man who tries to say that Death is a kindly old friend, and argues that we ought to welcome him among our best helpers; that he only opens the door into the eternal brightness,—and so on. But such a man has never walked down into the valley with a little child, holding it by the hand, and then feeling that little hand slip from him, and go on—into the shadows, leaving him alone. If after such an experience he can talk about the friendship of death—well, I cannot describe my feelings in such a case. There is only one view I have of death—that

he is an enemy. My thought goes farther: that this enemy will be destroyed, for "the last enemy to be destroyed is death,"—and I shall be glad for that day.

When I was a boy they used to sing,

"I'm glad that I was born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly."

I never liked the hymn, did not believe in it then, and do not have one grain of sympathy with it now. I am not glad I was born to die; I wish I did not have to die, the poets and the philosophers and the scientists to the contrary notwithstanding. But I suppose I must, sometime, for it is appointed unto man once to die. In spite of the many notions and beliefs concerning his coming again, I do wish he might come before the time of death drew near; yet that might cut off the salvation of a great many—so I will look into the face of death when he comes, though I am sure now that Christ has taken away the sting, and I will not fear. I suppose some good people who are given to the consideration of the "signs of the times," who have the charts all ready, knowing the time of his coming, etc., will be grieved at my way of putting the matter, but

we will not dispute over it; my thought is to bring out the resurrection hope all the more clearly, that is all.

It is a dark day when John takes the mother of the Master home to his own house; Calvary has told the dreadful story. But it is a brighter day when the cry is lifted: "Christ is risen." And this is the whole message of the Easter season. I see now that death does not end all, it begins all; that the mother and father and the rest who lie yonder, are, after all, not there; they have departed, and are "with him." They still live, and that is what I want to know. Perhaps, if we could let ourselves down into this wonderful truth we might change our sombre thought of things somewhat, and go on singing instead of sighing: If the truth that in Christ all shall be made alive; that we go on to eternal victory, triumphing over death and the grave;—if the great fact could get hold of us, what manner of people we would be in these materialistic days! Yes, I am glad for the inspiration of the Christ in Galilee; but the Christ who is victorious over the tomb is more than all. We may love him for his benevolence; we will worship him for his almighty power. Hail, thou risen Lord!

The time is coming when Love only will abide; when everything else will pass away, Faith and Hope included. Love is now the greatest thing in the world because of the company she keeps. Love cannot be separated from Hope; through this world they must go together. Hope makes Love's burdens light; Hope is the light of the world, she is ever saying: "It is better farther on."

It is difficult to conceive of a hopeless love. As long as we are able to love will there be room for hope to dwell. It was because of the great hope he had in his heart, that Jesus endured the cross, putting the shame under his feet; his "joy" consisted in the hope that through his death and resurrection many would be made alive. Hope ever keeps love's fires burning bright. It is the candle standing in the grave. "Since Jesus has lain there we dread not its gloom."

The Highway in the Wilderness.

It is the end of the way that determines the character of the road leading to it. There is a man walking through the wilderness. He has a bright face, a glowing eye, an expectant air. He moves through the long and lonely wilderness, singing as he goes. There is not very much to cheer him in the things that are about him; his cheerful heart is the outgrowth of his expectations; the end of the way determines the character of the road. There is another walking through the same wilderness, but his eye is dull, his face is dark, his step is slow and hesitant and listless. There is no song on his lips because there is no melody in his heart. He meets the same difficulties as the other traveler; he stumbles over the same obstacles, and finds the way as difficult, but his experiences are not worse than those of his fellow-traveler. He is full of complaints about the roughness of the road, how hard his lot seems to be compared with other men; he even envies his brother traveler,

and says his cheerfulness is a result of disposition, with which he has not been endowed. And so these travelers go on their way through the wilderness.

The difference between these men is not a matter of disposition. It is a matter of outlook, and expectation, a hoped-for end. One is going somewhere, and his heart is set, not upon the roughness of the road, but upon the end of the way; and because that expected end is beautiful, full of sunshine and gladness, the road leading to it seems to change in character, and the roughness of it only makes his heart look more and more to the end of the way. The listless traveler, going over the same road, is simply traveling, he is ever going but going nowhere; he has no end in view, no city toward which his heart is set; he is the wanderer, and not the pilgrim. Every difficulty in the road, every stone that hurts his feet, every thorn that pricks him, makes his pain and distress the more severe, because he is going nowhere; for him there is no city, no love, no ending of joy or gladness. It is the end of the way that determines the character of the road.

There is no sweeter romance in all literature

than the story of Jacob's love for Rachel. He must work seven years for her, before he can claim her as his bride. His work was difficult, the months long, the years would seem to have no end. But whenever he was tired he looked upon the fair face of Rachel, and was comforted. The road became beautiful, the pathway easy, the time grew shorter—as he looked to the end of the way, and saw the fair Rachel waiting for him, to become his bride. And when, through the strange customs of that day, he was cheated out of his bride, he served seven other years, and the story ends with the expressive words, “and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.” The end of the way determined the character of the road. A cheerless road is not cheerless by reason of its dreariness, but because it leads nowhere; there is no end of the way.

That old man, traveling from his home, going to a country of which he knows nothing, finds many difficulties in the way. New experiences await him, new trials beset him at every turn in the road; it is a wilderness road, yet there is a highway in the wilderness by reason of the object he has in view. He is

not looking at the road very much, save as he picks his way along, seeing that he is going in the right direction. There is peace in his heart, joy in his face, a song on his lips—not because of the wilderness road, but because of the end of the way. He is looking for a city, and ever as he looks he loses sight of the rugged road, because the vision of the city is before him.

The roads over which we are traveling, in what we so commonly call this world's wilderness, need not of necessity be trackless roads; there will be highways in the desert, if we are going somewhere,—for the end of the way determines the character of the road. The truth of the teaching is so practical that it is difficult to keep within the limits of a chapter like this. The need of the world is the impulse of a great hope, an object set before men, a city brought into view—at the end of the way.

This young man is working here in a difficult place; he complains of hardships many; he says his burdens are greater than he can bear. What he needs in the wilderness is a highway, a road that leads somewhere, a city toward which his energies should drive him

steadily and firmly. Manhood is in the making, success comes after struggle, a larger life is just beyond, made possible by reason of his wilderness journey, provided he is on the highway in the desert! But if he is a wandering lad, simply doing things each day because he must, indifferent to the larger calls of life and duty, he is leading a wilderness life, and his tasks are heavy and heartless, because he is going nowhere, he is a wanderer through the earth.

This young woman at the piano often lets the tears fall upon her fingers as she seeks to learn the difficult lessons, mastering the great instrument. What is she working for? Is she on the highway in the desert, or is she simply wandering about without any city in view, without any hope to guide her, or draw her on? It is the end of the way that determines the character of the road. If she looks up and sees the city of accomplishment, sees the place where she herself will be the master, where the piano will bring to her the messages she has in her soul because of her triumph over the difficulties in the way, her tears will be dried, her heart will be full of joy, her fingers will work more easily. She is a pilgrim

now, on the highway in the desert, going toward the city of foundations!

The struggling mother in the household sings as she moves from one task to another. The tasks seem never done, so the pessimists often say. Doubtless she, also, is in the wilderness, for all of us are there. But she is on the highway in the desert. She is looking toward the city: her boys will be men some day, and they will cheer her mother-heart, giving her the joy unspeakable and full of glory. Her girls will reach womanhood, and they will love her so gently for what she has done for them, and been to them, that her life will be full of the sweetest music. She is tired, often, but she sings as she labors, for she sees the end of the way, and the end of the way determines the character of the road.

It is a long road for some of us, and sometimes the wilderness seems dense and thick. The city of our dreams is not in sight, yet we have had the vision, and we cannot let it fade. If we could only believe it, if we could but let ourselves fully into the sweetness of it, we might see that the vision is sure to be real, if we go ahead, and with patience wait for it. For there is a highway in the desert for

every one of us, if we can but find it, and every soul in God's great world is sure to come to its own. The city of a true manhood is possible to every young man who reads these lines; the city of a noble womanhood awaits every girl that passes over the threshold into the wilderness. She will find a highway there, if she looks for it. The city of victory, genuine and abiding victory, awaits every traveler who sets out on the wilderness journey, if he but looks for it, seeks after it, goes steadily toward it. And the end of the way determines the character of the road!

Do not think so much of the wilderness journey; do not mourn so much over the hard places; do not cry out at the stony path—so long as you are in the highway! Think more of the city just beyond; you shall find your truest life, your largest love, your fullest joy, in the city at the end of the way.

No, it is not death of which I am speaking; it is not the life that lies beyond the grave. It is true that that is included in it all; but the good God never intended that all men should die in order to realize life. For the most part, it must be realized here and now; and it can be, if we will but rise to the possibilities of

the life that we are now living. Joy is here, love and life are here; and we may reach them over the highway that runs through the wilderness; yet no man ever found these blessed cities by going around the wilderness, seeking the best blessings of life by a shorter and easier way.

Beyond these cities of blessing and achievement lies the city foursquare. Yet the city foursquare has its foundations in the life that now is.

The Ministry of Failure.

In a street car, the other day, were a father and mother, each of them carrying a crippled child. To say that it was pathetic is to say a very light thing; it was indescribably sad. Both children were bound up in braces, the little limbs completely encased in steel framework. The father was an unusually large man, and wore a policeman's uniform. They had evidently been to some place for treatment and were now on their way home.

The little fellow nestled close in his father's arms. The look of tenderness on the man's face told the story of an inner triumph over bitter disappointment, of a development perhaps not possible save through some great sorrow. One could see his big heart shining through his eyes as he looked lovingly into the face of his crippled boy. But the look on the mother's face was in striking contrast to that on the father's. Her lips were tightly set; her face was drawn; her eyes were hard. No, she was not unkind to the little girl in

her arms; she was not unmotherly. But one could read the story of resentment and anger at the sorrowful condition of both children. There are many children in the world; why should hers be so crippled—and failures? Evidently the sorrow had worked to the good of the father, but the mother had become hardened and resentful. Perhaps she was angry with God.

In many homes throughout the world there are seeming "failures." There are children who will never run and jump like other children; there are those who must always "stay home with mother;" they cannot go to school very much; there is a shadow of weakness, of disability, over them, which increases instead of diminishes as the days pass. Parents have ached over them, have broken in their distress over what seem to be failures.

Are these hindered lives failures?

Yonder stands a lad fairly grown, who seems to see everybody in the busy social circle; he seems to be alone; he has few companions. There is a hungry look on his face—not for food, but for recognition. People do not mean to be unkind, but then, he is "afflicted," and folks brush by him to speak to others who

seem to be brighter than he. His life is looked upon as a failure—he must “stay with his mother” to the end of his days, if haply she may live them out. If not, God pity him. His father—but he is such a busy man! Herein is the daily tragedy of lives foredoomed to failure, judging from the common viewpoint. Is there a ministry in failure? Are hindered lives failures?

Perhaps a question as to success may be worth asking right here. If success is only achieved through physical strength, through service which commands the attention of men, through a daily performance of certain duties, through an active and strenuous life, then there are quite a few failures in this world.

It so happens that the greatest thing in this world is not doing, but being; that success is not to be measured by what a man does for himself so much as when he lifts and influences others. If this is true, the ministry of failure is a large and abundant one, and only heaven can tell the glad story of the blessed ministry.

Two men were speaking together the other day when one said, “That girl is my daughter; you did not know that she is a great sufferer; it looks as though her life were a failure.

There are many things she dreams of, work she would like to do, but she will never reach her desires." "But," said the other, hurriedly, "after all, is her life a failure?" There was a moment's pause, when the father said, "No, her life is not a failure; she has helped make her father; by reason of her affliction, her shattered hopes, he has been made into a gentler man; he has been mellowed in heart and life; he is more patient, more considerate, larger hearted; and she has done it, all unconsciously. She has never complained, and that has silenced his complaining. She is good, faithful, pure, trustful; and that has gone into the making of her father." Both men were silent; a new ministry of failure had dawned upon them both.

Shall we not seek, more and more, to implant hope and comfort into lives that are hindered from what is called the common success of life? To be healthy and wealthy is not to be a'ways successful. "A sound mind in a sound body" is not quite the whole truth. There have been healthful lives in broken bodies. If he who rules his own spirit is greater than he who takes a city, it may be that he whose hindered life ministers to the

upbuilding of others is a greater success than he who owns a bank or holds the railroads of the nation in his grip. There can be no failure where goodness dwells. In this, also, the battle is not to the swift or the strong; the battle is to the good; and it often happens that the hand of a child—a child its whole lifelong—shall lead them.

Not a few of us need to be brought to our better senses, in giving due credit to hindered lives. They are often hindered to our enlargement and blessing. In the old Book the widows and the orphans are the peculiar charges of God; he will be a husband to the widow and the Father to the fatherless. The proof of Christ's ministry was his service to the hindered—the blind, the deaf, the lame and the halt, and the poor. We have trodden down some of the tender plants of the Father when we passed by the hindered souls. Thank God for the ministry of failure! Be glad that you have a ministry over the path of strength and power!



Things We Have Left Behind.

No one living today, whose years run back twenty-five or thirty or forty, with a memory of those days fresh in his mind, would wish for a single day to turn back the dial and have things as they once were. I mean by "things" the conveniences of years ago when contrasted with the luxuries of today. The old tallow-dip, the spinning wheel, the stage coach! no one wants these things back again; and that we have left them behind for better things is a matter of joy and not of regret. In the conveniences of life we have made great progress; what once were rare luxuries are now common necessities.

While we have gained in many things over earlier days, it is unquestionably true that we have lost some things which should fill our hearts with many regrets. Changes have come in home-life which may be sincerely mourned over. Perhaps this remark ought to be qualified to mean home-life in the larger towns and cities of the world; and yet it may

be true of many of the smaller places. The massing of the people together in one place has been almost destructive of home life. There were many things in the old home that are not found in the new home, save where rare souls have been joined together with a common faith and single purpose to build a home for God. Our young people are the home-makers of the world. Many of them may look back only a few years, remembering the home-life under the old roof, and see at once by contrast what things they have left behind. Perhaps we shall be helped by talking them over together, for the writer is also engaged in that rare architecture, home-building.

We have left behind us somewhat of the devotion to religious things. It is the common lament today that family altars have fallen down. Perhaps that is not the whole truth; a sadder fact is that family altars are not building; the homes which many young people are building today are not planned with a place for the family altar; it is not included in the architecture. A foolish fear; perhaps an unwise union of hearts in which one has no regard for such things; more often, the untrue claim of "no time;" these things push the fam-

ily altar into the garret—or it is never brought into the house at all. They used to take the cat and the Bible first into a new house, for “good luck.” The Bible was to be a sort of moral safeguard; and the cat?—well, I never could find out just why they carried the cat, but they carried it. They still carry the cat, oftener a dog, these days; and the children come in after the dog! But somehow the Bible does not go in so often. True, there are more Bibles printed today than ever before; so are newspapers—and the latter are read voraciously. But if you ask for the family altars—what a blushing and stammering and complaining that somebody should be so personal! What a joy to the writer if the reading of this chapter should cause some young people in their new homes to say to each other: The author is right; he has touched a spot that needs plain handling; go and get the Bible; let us read and pray together; and, God help us, we shall build a family altar here and now, the incense of prayer rising from it every day!

I remember the history of one man who was greatly stirred on this matter of family religion. At the urgent request of his wife they began family worship. That first prayer was a trial!

He got down on his knees and tried to pray—but not a word came to his lips. As the silence grew somewhat painful the distressed wife cried out, “O God, give John a lift!” He got it—quick, and the altar fires burned ever after.

There is another sweet influence left behind which was the outgrowth of the family altar: Mother taking her children with her when she went alone to pray. I remember a boy wearing old-fashioned frocks, with a gingham apron covering him all over—for the reason that the aprons were easier washed than the little dresses. He tells me that there are some things influencing his life today which he cannot think about without a great wave of emotion sweeping over him. He remembers his mother when she was quite a young woman; she had habit of taking one or another of her children to her room whenever she went to pray, which was a common thing during those days. Without saying a word, she simply took him by the hand, and he went along and knelt while she prayed. She did not lecture him; she did not tell him that she was going to pray for him; she said nothing—and he said nothing. It was a short prayer, in

a tongue he could not understand, yet he understood what was going on; there were some things he absorbed from the atmosphere! These things are hardly possible where there is no family altar.

In the cities, at least, home life is apt to be a selfish thing. We have almost lost the spirit of neighborliness. People may starve in the same block, in the "flat" above us, or below us, and we know nothing about it—and we do not care very much. A couple called at my door the other day and asked for a family which they said had recently moved into the neighborhood. I thought over some of the changes that had taken place in the neighborhood, but could not remember the name they mentioned. I said: "I am ashamed of myself; in this wretched life we are living in this big city no one knows his neighbors—they do not seem to want to know each other." She admitted the fact, and went next door—and found the people she was seeking! I got a grain of comfort from the thought that I had suggested she go to that door! Wretched man!

People die in the next house—and nobody knows, and nobody cares. I have conducted

funerals where those who had charge of them knew nothing of the family other than that some organization had sent them to represent the lodge. No one mourned except the "mourners" and—a sad preacher. These lines will doubtless be read where such a state of things does not yet exist—thank God. But it will soon be a great struggle with the growing smaller towns and cities, who are aping the bigger cities, as to whether they shall hold on to precious heritages of home interest and neighbor interest, or become "citified," where it is not "good form" to be acquainted with many people.

There is one mistake, however, we are apt to make in associating "home" with the country picture. We unconsciously feel that there can be no home feeling save where there are trees and birds and flowers; yet it is true that with all these very often there is no home feeling whatever. Burns' mistake in his "Cotter's Saturday Night" is the suggestion that in fine buildings there can be no home feeling. But it should be remembered that the home atmosphere is not dependent upon place at all; it is the spirit of the heart, and not the street on which the building is placed. There are

many "city folks" who have spent their lives in crowded quarters; yet they are true home builders; there is love, courtesy, burden-bearing, as true and genuine as was ever known in country home or village street. There are peculiar dangers about the home life in a great city, but they do not differ so very much from those of the smaller town. None of the things I have been speaking about are peculiar heritages of the rural home; there are family altars in the great city, and the spirit of neighborliness may be just as true and genuine—only we are unfortunately leaving them behind in both the city and the country.

Things that are old are not always good, and things that are new are not necessarily bad. We have many good things; the blessings of greater physical comforts, the great and good store of literature, the wide sweep of one's vision today made possible by science and letters—oh, it is the golden age, beyond a question. Yet in our reaching to the things that are before we have made a grievous mistake in forgetting some precious things that are behind.

Dwell Deep.

Yonder in the offing is a fleet of ships; little ships; great ships; riding finely on the quiet waters. Far out on the sea the skies are dark, the waters are being lashed into foam; there is a great storm coming on. In it sweeps, and strikes the fleet of ships riding in the bay. See those little ships in seeming agony; they are scarcely able to ride out the storm; now it seems as though the tops of the masts would touch the water, and all be lost. But that great ship beyond—there is scarcely a movement of the large vessel. And yet there is more surface exposed to the storm than in the case of the little ships. But it is not a matter of surface, it is a matter of depth; the little ships are all on the surface; the big ships have more under the water than on the surface—and the storm does not affect them quite as much. This is a parable.

The other day there was a great storm on the Atlantic coast; for a hundred miles there was fearful damage to shipping and wharfage.

During that storm a small boat was lying some feet under the water, quiet and comfortable; the persons on board the submarine boat, Holland, scarcely knew that there was a storm. This also may be a parable.

In one of the prophets there is a phrase, which, taken from its surroundings, has a message for a great many people: "Dwell deep." The words came to mind recently in thinking of some people who give way to sorrow to the point of prostration, utterly withdrawing themselves from service and daily duty. It also came to mind while thinking of other people who are always ready to take an affront; they are always insulted by somebody, always slighted by those about them; and they get up the "miff-tree" for no apparent reason, other than that things do not go to suit them. It is not an easy matter to deal with the two phases of trouble in many individuals, for the reason that the difficulty is one they are not willing to admit. But the suggestion here may help some of us who are ever getting on the wrong side of the street.

When some one complains about being snubbed or slighted—chronic fault-finders, I mean,—if you examine closely you will discover a

peculiar shallowness of spiritual life; there is no depth of experience, no real rooting and grounding in God. That they are Christians is not the point in discussion—God has many weak and poor children—but they lack real depth of both faith and life; they are living on the surface, and every adverse wind sways them; they are not dwelling deep. Petty jealousies, seeking personal preference, the desire to be honored,—all these things indicate lack of depth. Paul, looking at everything that was against him, said, "None of these things move me." Paul might say that; but then your name is not Paul—perhaps.

Here sits a mother in great distress; her little girl has gone from her, not to return again. She never had much sorrow before; her life both as a Christian and as a wife and mother had been smooth. But the shadow of a great grief has fallen on her, and she refuses to be comforted. There are two phases of the trouble: grief at her loss, and a half-rebellious feeling against God who has permitted this sorrow to fall upon her. Between the two she lets go—lets go of her faith in God; that is, it no longer sustains her. She lets go of the duties that fall to her as a

mother and wife; she refuses to be comforted; while her former Christian life has failed in power to lift her and cheer her. The trouble is that her life was never deep enough; it was at best a surface experience; the roots were shallow. The time when her faith should shine out bright and clear; when she should be able to look up to the Father, and with swimming eyes and aching heart, say, sweetly, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight"; that time has not come, for she was never living in readiness for it; she was not dwelling deep.

Years ago there were two women living together—mother and daughter; a noble daughter, and a noble mother; but they were alone in the world. The mother was a Sunday-school teacher, the daughter an able Christian worker. The daughter died, and the mother, like Rachel, refused to be comforted. For three months she sat behind closed shutters. One day her pastor went to her and said something like this: "You are greatly dishonoring God; you are committing sin against his kingdom." In great surprise she defended herself, when her pastor said: "What will the

world think of your faith in God? What will your class think of your teachings for the past years; they will mean nothing to them because they mean nothing to you." He urged her to get out into the sunlight, to go back to her task, fill out the measure of her duty, and show the world that faith in God meant something. She did go back, and her work was greatly rewarded. She has gone to meet her daughter in the other land, so this story can be told without harm. Her chief trouble was that she had not been dwelling deep enough; the spiritual roots were too near the surface.

Whenever one hears of a quarrel between Christians; whenever letters are read which breathe a spirit other than the most ardent brotherly love; whenever unkind things are said or written, one thought is prominent: these people lack spiritual depth, or they would never act this way, or talk in that strain. And yet more: Whenever a feeling of resentment rises in the heart; whenever there is a desire to do things that Jesus would not do; whenever there is a wrong desire to vindicate personal rights;—my soul, know thou that this is a sign of shallowness; thou are not dwelling

deep enough. If the roots of life were deeper, grounded in love, we might also be able to say what Paul said.

It is not possible, nor necessary, to illustrate the matter further! It is one of those subjects that will work its way to the inner heart if we are willing to give it the smallest opportunity. As we sit alone, reading this loving heart-talk, let this subject of spiritual depth become real to you; consider the matter as you get alone with Him. If Paul longed with such unutterable longing that the Ephesians might be filled unto all the fullness of God, that they might be rooted and grounded in love,—what, think you, is the desire of the Master concerning you? “Dwell deep.”

The Cost of Being Useful.

No man can be useful to others without some expense to himself. There has never been a gift to the world that did not cost something to the giver. When God gave his only begotten Son to die for the world it is without reason to suppose that it was not a sacrifice, that it did not cost much—that wonderful Gift to men! No man has ever lived to any purpose, by which he blessed the world with his life, who did not spend himself, giving his gifts out of a heart that suffered in the giving. No mother can be a blessing to her children who is unwilling to pay the price of it—and the price of that blessing, as all of us know, is very great. Men are ready, generally, to say that President McKinley served his country in no small degree; and the price of service for him was death. That is not always the price which usefulness exacts; but it often happens so. The great figures on the crowded canvas of human history are those who “loved not their lives unto the death.”

Say what one may about a man taking care of himself, it is true in a most practical sense that he who is ever taking care of himself is not able to take care of others. If Esther is to follow the common thought of men, and will take care of herself, her name will only be spoken with execration; but because she says, in the face of duty as it is pressed upon her, "If I perish, I perish—I will go into the presence of the king," she stands out today as one of the noblest characters in that dark day. She did not die, as a result of her errand, but a little thought will show that she died before she went in!

There is much work to do in this world of ours. There are lives to be lifted, children to be taught, the community to be served; this, and much more is the call that comes to every true man and woman. It appeals all the more strongly to young people, because they have the strength and vigor of youth. It is to their credit that they have so often responded to the great calls for sacrifice, until no man today will attempt what Paul condemned in speaking to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth."

But, if the full truth be spoken, it must be admitted that there are a great many people

who are not willing to pay the price of usefulness; they are ever seeking their own comfort, and meet every call to service involving sacrifice with a frown and a petulant spirit. They are found in the church and out of it; they are in high positions and some not so high. They are willing to go on and serve as long as there is no call for sacrifice and then—when the pressure comes—they fall out by the wayside. They will teach a Sunday-school class if it does not inconvenience them; they will attend special calls, provided they have no other engagement. Regularity is a bugbear to them; they want to come and go just as they please. They oppose the making of promises not because they conscientiously oppose pledges, but because they do not want to “tie themselves” to any service. Perhaps Christian work suffers from nothing so much as this irregular service: the irregular Sunday-school teacher, the irregular choir singer, the inconstant member of a committee, or leader of a meeting. It is a common thing to hear a leader say that he is not prepared—a truth which everybody discovers without being informed of it! There is no excuse to be made for it; at least no excuse we would be willing to make

to God. The truth is, we are not willing to pay the price of usefulness. It costs something to be a true servant of God and man.

The love of ease, the willingness to be helped, the unwillingness to be a helper when it costs something—these are at the bottom of useless lives, especially true when one thinks of the multitudes of idlers in the kingdom. They are going toward a day of disappointment which no power on earth or in heaven can change. God forgives us for many things for which we can never forgive ourselves. And there is nothing so inconceivably sad as a life lived for itself, filled with daily refusals to serve because of the cost of service.

Every one of us should consider—not the cost of things that are to be done, but what part of the world's work we are called upon to do. Whether it costs much or little, we are here to be useful, here to give and not to get. There is no question but that there might be great religious awakenings in every church in the land if only every member would determine that it shall be so, cost whatever it may in time and inconvenience and service—and money. The challenge of God to the

church is the same challenge sent out in the olden time: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, *and will heal their land.*" Time has not changed that challenge of God; we can reach to the height of that blessing, if we are willing to reach down deep enough and pay the price of it.

Speaking of the awakening of great interest in Bible study, the widespread desire to know more of its teachings, The Biblical World said: "The Christian minister, if he is wise, will recognize this interest and conform to it. It is only a matter of working wisely and along the line of least resistance. It is idle to plead that the minister already has so many imperative duties that he cannot add another. The situation is too critical for such casuistry. Here is a great popular movement in the churches; will ministers direct it, or will they abandon the strategic opportunity and conscientiously but blindly prefer a course of action that, as any sensible minister confesses, leads into a restless activity that distracts quite as much as

it edifies?" When one sees that increasing interest in popular educational courses for young people in all the denominations, the marvelous possibilities they reveal, it is a wonder that any one should hesitate to enter heartily and earnestly into this work of teaching. It is a draft upon the strength of the minister; it will cost much; it will "tie him down" in a very real sense; but that is what he is here for. Let us not shrink from being useful because the price of it comes high.

It is not only the minister who needs this lesson. He is often ready to pay the price, when the great majority of his people are not. More and more are we curtailing hours of service; everything must be "short." God pity us, we have time for everything, up to midnight; but we suffer nervous prostration at the thought of staying in God's service after nine o'clock. Generally speaking, when the meeting stops Satan's greatest work is begun!

Have you ever read Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee"? The stream up in the hills of Habersham, going down through the valleys of Hall, hears the voices of the plain for water; duty calls. But the voices in the quiet glades

urge it to stay; the rushes plead; the pebbles seek to stay the moving water. But duty calls:

"All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and fondling grass said *stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

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"But, oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall."

Mayhap you will remember another song,
written by another writer, in cadence just as
sweet—aye, sweeter:

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing
forth the seed;

He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves
with him."

So the cost of being useful is the seed of a
large harvest of blessing.

Except It Die.

It was a homely bulb, and had lain in my drawer for many a day. It was there, abiding alone, and accomplishing nothing. I knew the possibilities bound up in that bulb, but possibilities are mockeries unless they become realities. But it was in a comfortable place in my drawer, and a matter not to be wondered at that the bulb should prefer to stay there. I talked with it one day about the matter. I said it was not wise to lie there alone, not doing anything to help the world into better living. "I will bury you, and then you will come up into wondrous beauty." But there was a strong protest on the part of the bulb. No, no, it would not consent to be buried, it preferred the comfortable place of the study-drawer.

One day I took it up in my hand and said: "Would you like to become a beautiful flower?" "Indeed I would," said the bulb. "But if you would become a beautiful flower you must die." Again the muttering protest

—but by and by the bulb called to me and said: "I am willing, you may bury me." Tenderly I lifted it, and went out into the garden and put it into the ground, where the rain might fall upon it, and the sun kiss its grave. "If it die," I repeated, as it was put away, "it bringeth forth much fruit."

So the days passed, and I often looked at the grave where the bulb was buried. It was strange that the bulb did not die all at once; it was a process, not an act. But it lay buried, silent, apparently alone. Would it ever come up? Would my promise to it be true? Would it find itself again in a larger, better, sweeter life? At the last the process was complete, and out of death life sprang, beautiful, fragrant, lovely. As I bent over the flower, it seemed to me I heard a voice, and it said: "I am so glad I died!"

Over in the granary there was a sack of corn. I was talking with it one day, and spoke of the necessity of harvests, of the need of the world for bread; and of the need of some of us to die in order that the world might be fed. I repeated again the words of the great Husbandman who had said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth

alone." I urged upon the corn in the sack the selfishness of abiding alone, the glory of death out of which life should spring and feed the multitude. But there was a rustling movement of opposition in the sack of corn, and the vote seemed unanimous to remain on the granary floor. Here and there were some grains that considered well the price of being a blessing, and they were ready to be put into the earth to die. So the day came when half of the sack consented to die, and they were put into the earth. It was a sweet burial service. The birds were singing in the trees, the sky was blue, the air most rare and sweet. Day after day I glanced over the field and thought of the grains of corn—dying.

But the season passed, and there was a field of ripened grain, ready for the reaper. If you could have heard the song of the tasseled corn, and listened to the merry banter as one spoke to the other, you might have detected an undertone of holy joy that seemed to say: "I am so glad I died!"

The Greeks wanted to see Jesus; but they came to see him at an unfortunate time. The end of his life was near; he was tired and worn and wan and stricken. The shadow of the

cross fell full upon him. What would they think of him? "Wait till I die—for he that saveth his life shall lose it, he that loseth his life in the interest of the truth shall find it." So he simply gave the Greeks the law of the kingdom, which is the law of the grain of corn. But the Greeks came from a great land where men were giants; and Jesus?—there was nothing about him that they should desire him. Suppose the Greeks to be looking over the world today; what about their fair country? Greece is "the pauper of civilization;" its philosophy a system for the student in the class room; its art, furnishing models in a studio. But Jesus? By his death he brought life and immortality to light; he gave a gospel to a broken-hearted world.

Come over here into this quiet place, my friend, and let us think over the parable. The flower-bulb, the grain of corn, the Christ, you and I—there is the one great law of increase and of blessing. It is not an easy thing, this dying—this daily dying,—but it is a necessary thing. That lad crying over his lessons yonder—do not pity him only, but rejoice, for he is dying in order that he may bring forth fruit. The girl at the piano, with aching fingers, and

tear-dimmed eyes, and throbbing head—pity her, perhaps, but rejoice too that she is willing to die, for unless she dies she abides alone, in ignorance, outside of the heaven-gift to the world, music. In the day of the lad's deliverance, in the hour of the girl's triumph, the lessons learned, the music conquered, what fruit they shall bring forth! Miss Havergal tells a sweet story of the dying of ignorance and the resurrection of power in her "Moonlight Sonata." The young woman objects to the lessons her teacher gives her; she appeals to her father to order "something easier." Her father wisely says, "Obey your teacher, he knows best." Then follows a long struggle with the masterpiece; weakness is dying, ignorance is dying—and then, in triumph, in the hour of her triumph, she remembers the days of "death-struggle."

"Then swift up-flashed a memory,—
A long-forgotten day;
A memory of tears once shed,
Of aching hand and puzzled head,
And of the father's word that said,
'Trust and obey.'

"The lesson learnt in patience then
Was lit by love and duty :
The toiling time was quickly past,
The trusting time had fled fast,
And Alice understood at last
Its mysteries of beauty.

"O glad, perpetual harvest-time
After the sowing days!
For all her life rich joy of sound,
And deep delight to loved ones round,
And to the Master,—praise!"

There was a man by the name of Paul who wrote of "dying daily." It was a process with him also, and not an act. He was getting rid of the "old man" and putting on the new. He died, in order to fruitage. Ah, my friend, is not our difficulty right here: we are unwilling to undergo the process of dying, and our lives abide alone, we are fruitless? In this case, also, as in the case with Paul, we must lay down our lives; no man can take it from us; it must be the willing subjection to death. This is the death which brings no grief, but rather increases joy, and enlarges it unto the joy of him "who for the joy that was set before Him

endured the cross"—and died! It may seem a strange thing to say, but it is true, that some of us are not dead enough; and that explains the reason why we have so little life!

Life's Landscapes.

Some twenty-five years ago, before Japan had taken her great stride into the brotherhood of the nations, several intelligent Japanese were sent to this country to study its institutions and its business methods. Three of these young men spent some part of the summer at a mountain resort. The scenery was magnificent; there were some rare shadows in the long glen that ran through the long high mountains; waterfalls of entrancing beauty; the sun, shining through oak and hemlock and pine and beach—with a profusion of varieties of undergrowths on the sides of the glen, presenting a picture never to be forgotten. One of the Japs was an artist and spent much of his time in drawing; it was more drawing than painting. He dealt mainly with outlines. He did not seem to see the glorious backgrounds to some of the most beautiful places he was trying to reproduce. One asked him the difference between Japanese art and that represented by other nations. In a most de-

lightful way he explained that other artists gave attention to perspective, while Japanese artists gave attention merely to outline, the more striking things in the foreground; there is no perspective or landscape in Japanese painting.

Since that day the writer never looks upon a Japanese drawing but what he is reminded of the lack of background, of perspective; and he is also reminded of the striking suggestion that grew in his heart as he thought of the lack of perspective, of landscape, in so many lives. They are ever concerned with the foreground, what is wrongly called the practical. There are no mountain ranges, no sloping hillsides, no sunrises, no rippling streams, no meadow land. Day in and out they are drawing bare outlines; they see nothing, they hear nothing, they care for nothing but the practical foreground. Theirs is the barren middle age, the desert of old age. Since they never wrought for a landscape in the days of life-painting, there is nothing for them now but waste; even the foreground has lost its striking outlines. Yet there is a perspective, a landscape, in spite of one's indifference; but it

is made of barren hills, of river-beds where no water flows, of wastefulness, telling of lives that have been starved, gone to waste.

In one of his little books Dr. Josiah Strong tells of the taking of an old Irish woman from the lower parts of New York, and putting her into a lovely country home, where she might have a taste of real life for a few weeks, in the bright summer-time. To the astonishment of the charity workers, the old woman was found sitting at her old corner, with her pipe in her mouth, within three days. In answer to the question as to why she left the lovely home in the country, she simply said: "Ah, peoples is better than sthumps." All she saw in the country was "sthumps!" There was no landscape in her life, only a barren perspective; her life was a seat at a street corner, begging, with a pipe of tobacco as her solace and comfort.

It may be that some who are not so low in the social scale as that poor woman, are moving towards the same barren old age; they are giving no attention to landscapes; they have no ears for music, no taste for green fields, no love for good books. They are bat-blind to

all but the foreground. It seems a hard thing to say, but the great scientist, Mr. Huxley, had no landscape; there was no perspective in his life. He mourned over it in his later years, and said that if he had to do things over again he would give some attention to music and poetry every day; for he found in his later years that there was no soul enjoyment for him; the landscape of his life was filled with microscopes, and laws of calculation, and dissecting utensils. It was inexpressibly sad to come to such an hour and find nothing but a machine landscape, a petrified perspective, a lifeless life!

It is easy to anticipate the answer of a great many young men and women; they say they have no time to make landscapes; from early morning till late at night they are busy making outlines, meeting the inexorable demands of daily life. It is doubtless true that we are all very busy; but there is nothing that can rob us of the inner life, the spiritual enrichment possible to him who opens his life to Him who will fill it with his glory. We often sing: "Take time to be holy." And any hour, in any day, is a time to be holy; we need not

take a day out of the common days in order to live the holy life; all days are holy to him who has the pure heart, whose trend is onward toward the holy hills. In like manner we need to see to it that there goes into life that which will make a blessed perspective, a glorious background when the later days come, and we are looking backward to find enrichment in holy memories.

When the end of life comes it will not be possible to suddenly take a brush and paint into the background of the years the tints and the foliage we should like to see there. You cannot transplant the scenery of a holy life into the background of a desert life. Many men have tried that and failed sorely; they waited until the end of life—they thought if they could only “go to heaven when they die,” it would be enough. But it is not enough. A dreary waste of background can never be recovered when life is slipping away. Going “empty-handed” was grief to the dying young man in the old hymn, though he realized the saving grace of the Christ. Yet only a few will ever come that far into the light of life. The background is failure and the foreground

is of the same sad landscape. Make a landscape for your life; fill it with holy thoughts, enrich it with the best things; and the afterglow of life will be the gateway into the eternal summerland.

On Living Together.

Most of us, when we came into this world, were ushered into a home-nest, thoroughly prepared for our coming; we were greeted with warmest affection, tenderly shielded from everything that might harm us, and helped into manhood and womanhood by loving hands. Others builded this home-nest; their care and sacrifice made our beginnings of life endurable—more often, a joy unspeakable. Is it not strange how soon the idea creeps into a boy's heart that some other place would be preferable? Yet the farther away he goes, the dearer does that early home-nest become. There are not a few men, far on in years who look back to that home with longings that cannot be uttered; they recall their early lack of appreciation of home, and wonder what was wrong with them—for they were never so near heaven in the wide, wide world. They never learned the art of living together. They learned how to comport themselves in society; social etiquette was part of their education;

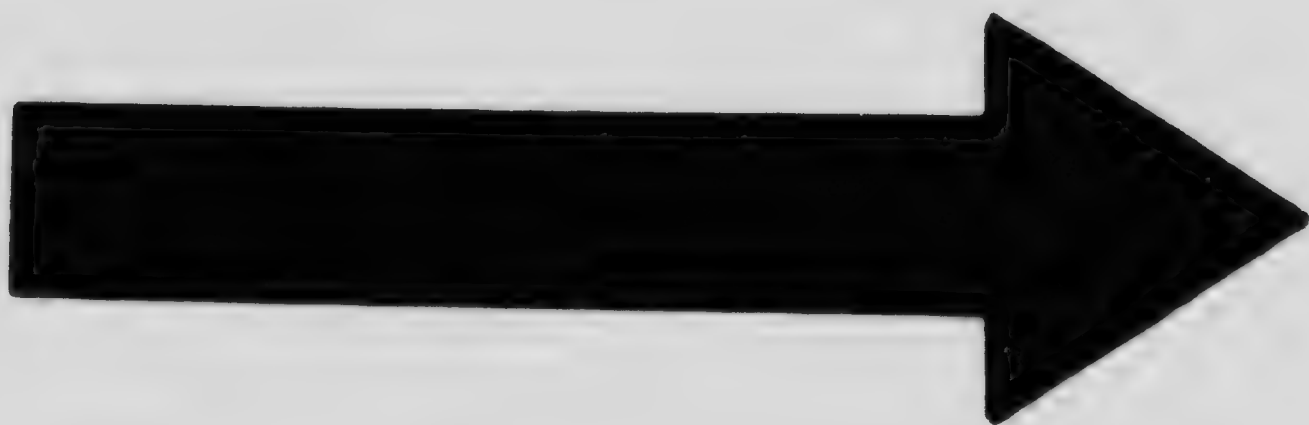
but the art of living together they missed somehow in the general education.

There are two things to be said at the threshold of such a subject: first, that we must live together—that is, we must be together, more or less; as to whether that living together shall be a mere existence, or real living together, is a matter to be determined by the “parties of each part.” Second, that we should desire to live together; God intended we should, and we ought to be glad to enter into God’s plan. I have in mind a hermit, living in the back woods; I looked into his eyes the other day, and felt that there was a strange fire burning there; not the warm glow of a lover of his fellow-men, kept alive by living with them; but a strange fire, that told of a lonely life, perhaps nursing some sorrow which drove him into solitude before his face had that strange appearance, and his eyes that far-off, unnatural look. It was not good for man to be alone in the beginning, so we are taught; things have not changed much since that day.

Since we ought to live together—since we must be together, it is a question as to what sort of a living together it shall be. Many

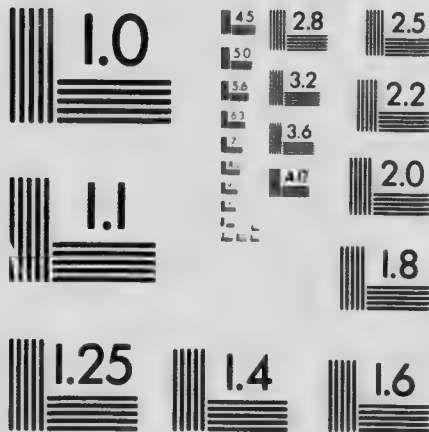
have not learned the art; many know nothing of it. They may have dreams of some ideal life, but it never seems to enter their minds to make the attempt to realize such ideals "here below." It is a beautiful thing to contemplate a heaven to go to some day, when the tent of life comes down; it is a heart-breaking thing to have only that heaven to enter. Foretastes of heaven are possible here; we ought to learn the art of living together here, in order to know how to fit into things "there."

Now that you think of it, it is amazing how little attention we give to the subject! In the curriculum of education, home-making is too often left out. And, indeed, when one looks at the home-life in our great cities, he does not wonder that so little is said on the subject. Home-life, real home-making, is not thought of for reasons which seem very forceful. The growth of the great apartment house, with its fine, steam-heated flats, has worked havoc with the home idea! Moving-day in the great city, is a matter of much grief to the home-lover; he lives in a new place every twelve-month; home-roots he has none; he remembers



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" . . . the house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came creeping in at morn."

But his children will have no such delightful memory. As some one has said concerning the future story-writer; it will be a great task to put life and poetry into "Thanksgiving in Grandfather's Flat." Here is one who does not hesitate to say that this great apartment house idea is one of the strongest influences at work destroying the home, making impossible real "living"; and when the central restaurant is added, according to Bellamy's dream, and the actual working-out of it in many cities even in this day, the situation is deplorable, not to say alarming.

Since, however, we must accept the situation, since we must live together, what can be said to help us realize a heaven here? Unless you have a heaven at home, you will not find it this side the pearly gates. There is no greater insult heaped upon the laboring man's home than the suggestion that he needs another place to spend his evenings; that if one association does not furnish it, another, and a baser one, will supply this social need. A better thought

should possess us. That man who needs a club-room in which to spend his evenings passes a judgment upon his home-life, degrading it; he has not learned the art of living. Our chief business, it seems to me, ought to be the creation of a heavenly atmosphere within the closed doors of our own homes.

That it is difficult goes without saying. We know each other so well, we see each other so often, our frailties are so completely unmasked—well, it is an art, a fine art, this matter of living together! It is not necessary to say that unselfishness is the soul of the "art." We will take that for granted. Let me put it in another way, and thus get at the old truth in a fresh fashion.

Consider restraint as essential to the art of living together. Where one is free to do as he pleases, he is so apt to enlarge on his freedom, and rob others of their freedom. What homes are saddened, what hearts are continually breaking, because of lack of restraint, both in manner and speech. How many enslaved mothers there are: their children keep them in perpetual bondage; it is difficult to teach children the lesson of restraint. Long ago I wrote among my plans for the future the formation

of a society, one without constitution or by-laws, without any monthly dues; but a society paying large benefits; I intended to call it, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers! The first rule would be an unwritten one: restraint. Keep back the hasty word, the thoughtless action, the indulgence in which so often paints the sky a dull gray for a whole day. I wish some big boys and girls might take this chapter into a corner, and quietly consider this proposition. Perhaps, however, the want of restraint in children is often an indication of the want in ourselves. We shall have made a great progress in the art of living together when wholesome self-restraint is characteristic of every member of the family.

But not only restraint: constraint is also essential to right "living together." Self-consideration is the first law of the savage; other-consideration is the first law of a true soul, may I not say, a renewed soul. The love that constrains is so like divine love that one may say it is divine love freely expressing itself through a human life. There is much of it in the world, for which we may be glad. The sacrifices of parents for their children, of sisters for brothers, that they may be educated,

and given a large chance in the world—oh, there is so much of it that one's faith in humanity is kept alive. Many noble hearts, through restraint, have taken a second place in the world, in order that lesser people might be given a chance; such a home is heaven; you need not die to find it; it is here, for the mere living.

When the great Master was on the earth his little family was ever disturbed by the ambitions of certain members in it. They were looking for high places in the expected kingdom; indeed, sometimes they wrangled over it, to the great grief of the restraining and constraining Master. One day, in speaking of it, he said that the Gentiles loved to lord over their fellows, but—with keen suggestiveness—"It shall not be so among you." They were to be above such things; and in the measure that each esteemed the other better than himself, in that measure, learned they the art of living together. "We be brethren" , the kindly rebuke of Abram to his nephew Lot; it is the word for the hour among all men; and we shall then be ready to take degrees in the art of living together.

Living the Lifting Life.

To live a climbing life is to grow one's self; to live a lifting life is take someone with you—as you climb the higher heights! As one looks over the years it is not difficult to see the people who have lived lifting lives; the number is not very large. In this, as in many other things, many are called but few are chosen—the chosen ones are always few. Here and there are men and women who have lifted occasionally, but they were not living lifting lives. It is an easy thing to do a kind act,—not so easy to live a kind life. Says a Frenchman, trying to tell other people how to be healthy and happy: "When you walk out into the open air, bring in your chin, and elevate your forehead; you will discover a certain grace of carriage that you did not have before." He further suggests that there shall be a smile on your face, that you shall greet every one you meet with a cheery look, which will come naturally if you walk with the uplifted face, and the indrawn chin. It seems to be an easy thing,

yet it will be found very difficult—for many people; they have been so used to the downward look, the sombre gaze, that to go into this sunshine business would require more capital than they possess. "Now look pleasant," said the photographer to his victim as he placed him before the camera. He tried to look pleasant, and fairly succeeded, but last he said to the artist: "I wish you would hasten; this position is exceedingly uncomfortable for me!" It is easy to look pleasant before the camera, if the time is not too long; it is another thing to be pleasant all the day long.

Here is a worldful of people who need to be carried. It is very true that a church ought to be a rendezvous for the King's soldiers, but the fact is that it is often more a hospital to care for feeble folk than a drill ground to develop sturdy warriors. The truth is that in every church there are people who need to be carried about on a silver salver, if they are to be kept at all. And as you look over the average membership you can readily recognize the lifting lives. They do not complain that other folks are neglecting them in church ministration, for they are not in the church to be ministered unto. Whether people call on them

or not is nothing to them, they are not in the church to be called upon. It is their business to go about and call on other folks, scattering sunshine, lifting them out of gloom and distress. They are living lifting lives, and by strange paradox they lift themselves every time they raise another. Jesus Christ never had his life so completely as when it was given away; and it should ever be remembered that his life was not taken from him; no man had power to do that; he gave it, so that when he took it again he might bring multitudes into the kingdom. And it was so.

A man may be compelled now and then to be kind, to lift others; but there is no compulsion in the lifting life. It is the voluntary surrender of a heart to the service of others; it carries no scales to weigh things; no tape-line to measure the world it lives in; it is an immeasurable world, bounded only by the universe of God, in which the lifting life is spent. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on this word "life," as differentiated from action. It is true that good actions always help the world; that a deed of heroism makes one believe more in humanity. Longfellow's wholesome words cannot be quoted too often:

"Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls.
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."

Yet these noble deeds and noble words can scarcely be separated from noble lives; they are only permanent when they come from lives that lift. The difference between being and doing seems to be very small, yet it is the difference between fruit from the tree, and fruit tied on the tree. Here is a young man who is said to love his mother; he sends money to her regularly; he would fight for her; doubtless he would die for her, if occasion demanded; but one thing he will not do, he will not live right; his is not the lifting life; he is dragging his mother down every day, nearer the grave of a broken heart. Yet the neighbors say, See how he loves his mother!

A few strokes of the pen will bring out once more the two cartoons of history that will never pass away from the vision of men; they together make a call to the lifting life that no

true heart can turn away from, or cease to be inspired thereby. He is moving among men, lifting them; he is living the lifting life; his burdens are those of other people's; the sum of life's burden is the cross for a world's sin. So he lifted! But he said to all men of every age: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." To the end he lived the lifting life, and his life is the light of men.

It is Jean Valjean; wherever you meet him, he is living the lifting life; and it finds literal expression in carrying his enemy Marius through the sewers of Paris. In good days and bad days, for friend, for foe,—there is something in his heart that will permit him to do nothing other than lift people. So it may be said of him, also: So he lifted!

There are men and women in the valley whose skies are dull and leaden; are your skies blue? Reach down, take the hand of another, and say to him: "I have found the sunshine brother, come up here." It is by reaching down that you draw yourself up!

The Fine Art of Enduring.

When the writer of that oldest book in the Bible put into the mouth of his chief character the words, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," he suggested another fact which is the greatest revelation of character in the history of men: the chief quality of man, that which reveals the real "man," is his power of endurance. He is born to trouble—which is merely another way of saying that he comes into the world a burden-bearer; he cannot fulfill his mission as a true man unless he sets himself to carry what may be called his life burden. He is the meanest man, the greatest shirk of all, who seeks to get through the world without bearing his share of the common life burden. One reason why the "smart set" is held in such contempt by the common people is that these smart people go through the world, riding over everybody who may submit to them; whose

" . . . soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn."

They are indeed the barnacles on human society.

It is not possible to mention those things which make up the burdens of the life we are living. It is a daily burden, made up of life itself; of suffering physical and mental; of disappointed hopes, shattered ambitions, losses of friends, of money, of position, of comforts. It is not an uncommon thing to hear people say: "I can endure it no longer." Yet they go on enduring, growing beautiful in heart and life, some of them becoming rare children of God through the things they suffer, and endure. Others make short work of the burdens—they do not carry them, and oftentimes they cease living when they cease enduring.

If enduring is one of the fine arts of life how shall we become masters in the art? Is it a matter of education, of self-discipline,—or of grace? Here is the method of the Stoic: he steels himself to bear things as they come; he grits his teeth, and says: "Since one cannot help it—bear it! Endure, for it is unmanly to show weakness or tears." The difficulty with the Stoic's method of enduring is its hopelessness; the night is relieved by never so small a star; it is stupor, it is a dulling of the finer

senses; it locks a man up in the prison-house of materialism. He sees nothing because he believes nothing. Christians are sometimes Stoics; they say grimly: "What cannot be cured must be endured;" but they cannot be strong characters who take refuge in such a retreat; there is no sharing of the burden either with man or God; they have simply hardened themselves to the burdens that have fallen upon them.

Going to a home one day where a little child had just died, the young mother met me with a cold face, with dry eyes. She seemed in a strange mood, and presently said to me with a bitterness not to be described: "Oh yes, God wasn't satisfied till he took my baby;" and the hard face showed no sign of grief. Some thought that she was wonderfully strong, but in truth she was very weak; she would have been much stronger if she had been weaker!—if she had broken down and shed a few tears.

A few years ago another remedy was suggested by the great unbeliever who suddenly left the world in the midst of a lifework of ridiculing the good and the true. He said that suicide was a manly thing. That is another way of bearing, or getting rid of burdens. It is true

that this method is growing in practice; within recent years suicides have multiplied greatly; it is difficult to understand the reason of this growth of self-murder. Perhaps the increasing burdens of life, the growing intensity of what has been called the "strenuous life," has turned upon many people with a weight too heavy for them to bear, and not having learned the art of enduring they end the matter by the pathway of the silent shore, or the ounce or two of lead. It is not fair to say that all suicides are cowards, for it is not the whole truth; it is often the result of ignorance as much as of great and overwhelming sorrows; the poor victims have not been to the school of endurance, they have not learned the fine art of enduring.

Nor can it be said to be a matter of inheritance, of strong physical or mental powers; some of the strongest people, physically and mentally, have been swept under by some burdens falling suddenly upon them. Where then shall we go that we may learn the fine art of enduring? Who is the teacher in that school? Let me essay an answer.

The fine art of enduring is a result of second-sight. A long while ago there lived a man upon whose head and heart there rested

many heavy burdens; his days were full of distress oftentimes, and his nights must often have been seasons of worriment as to what might happen on the morrow. Be that as it may, he was a marvel of endurance. As we think of it now, he lost his patience only once or twice in a long career, and it is only kind to say that if ever a man lived who was justified in suspending the fine quality of patience now and then, this splendid character was fully justified. But he was a master in the fine art of enduring. You are ready to have his name; and his secret as well? His name was Moses. As for the secret, you must travel far on in the years to find it in one simple sentence—for it was the result of second-sight: "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

It is said that Mr. Lincoln's calmness and patience were ever a marvel to his friends; but it has since come out that he also was a master in the fine art of enduring, because he had second-sight; his days were full of patience, for his night vigils were spent in prayer!

These two great leaders, with second-sight—seeing that which was invisible!—saw that

nothing could happen but what came through the hand of God; so they endured, as seeing Him. When this fact takes complete possession of us, we shall have grown to the steadiness of the Christ-life. Indeed he is the supreme example, though I have preferred to take common men as examples of the fine art. Yet you do well to remember Jesus: his nights with the Father made his days with men what they were. He had meat to eat of which his disciples were ignorant. Bunyan tells of the flame that could not be extinguished with much water, because another was pouring oil on the inner side of the wall!

Second-sight, seeing that which cannot be seen by human eyes, the physical optics, sustaining life by the hidden holding on God,—this is the secret of endurance. So it comes to pass that in this also, the art of living and enduring is of grace, and not of human making.

The Fine Art of Loving.

It is not the common human passion I want to speak about; human love is often nothing other than refined selfishness. It bestows nothing, it wants everything. We might be startled if our love could undergo honest analysis. Love is not an earthly product. That which is of the earth is earthy; when earthly love does not kindle its fires and gather its feeding-fuel from above, it will soon burn out, and its ashes will ever be a mockery and a distress.

Only human beings are capable of loving; the fine art is possible only to him who is created in the image of Love, which is God. It has a reciprocal nature; that is, it requires in the object loved some kind of response, more or less intelligent. That is not love which looks for service in return. How we misinterpret the holy fire; we love—to be served in return; that is not love, only a miserable alloy.

Love is a moral quality; it is born of goodness. A bad man can hardly be said to love;

he knows nothing of it, save as he may have reaped benefits of some loving heart. Real love is the life of God transmuted through a human soul. Mr. Moody once said that Prof. Drummond was the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians; he meant that his friend had so incorporated the spirit of love in his life that he became the embodiment of Paul's marvelous photograph. If only the pure in heart see God, only those who see God are masters in the art of loving. If this interpretation is true, then the first step in the mastery of the fine art is a life open to the sway of God's spirit. "He that loveth is born of God."

This makes love a life, instead of a mere passion of life. So it has its beginnings, and stages of development. Can we learn the art of loving? The baby in the home is a complete life, but it must learn the art of living; so love is perfect in its bestowal, but it must be developed. Perhaps the first mistake that love makes is found in the couplet—

"I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true."

That reads well, but it is wrong teaching; it may almost be said that it is the soul of selfishness. Here is a big world with its sorrow and sin, with few hearts to love it; indeed, there are many unloveable people in the world. There are not many of us who could say with Ben Adhem: "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." If we love only the loveable, as most of us do, the very people in this world who need our love most will have it least. The test of love is its ability to love the unloveable. Merely to love one's own is to fail of the larger development. Many who are clamoring for the brotherhood of man would shrink from the first demands it makes. Yet he has not learned the alphabet of love who only turns to those whose hearts are "kind and true."

Some may say that much affection would be wasted if this principle were followed. Doubtless, if such love ended where it began; but that would be impossible. The response to such unselfish love would be wonderful in the transformation of lives; the Master did not love men for what they were, but for what they might become! We need to believe more in the possibilities wrapped up in a human soul; love is the sunshine which shall bring

many souls to larger life. In our selfishness and narrowness we look upon many people as hopeless, and abandon them to their distress; but true love does not consider anyone as hopeless as long as life is left to be cultivated. It was prophesied of One who was to come that he would not break a bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax: a selfish world has forgotten his sweet example; the root of his love was his great affection for the unloveable; not because they were unloving, but for their possibilities of life—of loving.

"What did you come for?" asks the dark-skinned heathen of the Christian missionary. "Because I loved you—for what you may become." That, it seems to me, is the sum of the missionary's answer all over the world. Mrs. Booth has sent a thrill of hope through the prisons of America, for the same reason: it is love for life's sake; and many men and women are lifting their faces to the light of true manhood and womanhood, through love for life's sake! There are many of us who need the thrill of this true love.

The rain always falls on the just and the unjust; the sun always shines on the beautiful rose and the lowland daisy; for—who can tell?

—the desert place may yet blossom as the rose; so the rain falls lovingly, the sun shines entreatingly; love may yet conquer!

A true heart cannot love horizontally; that is, we must not love wholly on our own level. It is said that Christ for our sakes became poor; that is only another way of saying that love made him descend from the horizontal, which was the level of his throne, and he went down to the level of the lowest man, in order that he might lift him to his own true height. How much the pride of man has had to do with the degradation of man only infinite knowledge can tell; but the condescension of Jesus has been the lifting of the world. True love reaches to the lowest of the world that it may lift to the highest of heaven.

May I whisper another heart-truth? Love between men and women will never be ideal unless it is based upon moral worth. Those who *fall* in love never love ideally. What social wrecks there are, what ruined hearts and homes! The cause of it is a wrong interpretation of love; it is purely human, and that tells the whole story. Marriages made in heaven, as all brides want to think they are, will never be broken on earth. Pity the woman

whose love for her lover is not based on moral worth; pity her yet more when his love for her is based on her beautiful face, and not on moral quality!

It is sometimes said that mother-love is ideal, coming nearest perfection. Can mother-love be analyzed? Why should it be stronger than father-love? They are of differing quality, springing, perhaps, out of entirely different roots. Mother-love grows out of natural dependence; from infancy she is with her boy; she is the source of supply for everything; she loves him unselfishly, perhaps; he loves her—for what she does for him, very often; he leans upon her; she solves his problems, helps him over rough places. As he grows older this instinctive dependence never leaves him; he turns to her for help in manhood, with the old feeling that she has power to help him. She wonders, sometimes, why he does not love her more.

May I say that father-love differs from mother-love at this point? Not being so often with his boy the love of the lad must grow from another root than that of dependence. It must be a moral quality, if it is worth any-

thing. The father with moral quality first becomes a master to his son, and then a brother, whose moral qualities evoke a love that endures. It is here where mother-love between son and mother needs to enlarge itself. As long as a mother is loved from the viewpoint of dependence, she does not enjoy the full love of her son; she needs to gain his love on the basis of moral quality, she needs to be loved for her goodness, as well as for the bread she bakes, and the way she looks after her boy's clothes.

If we learn this lesson in our consideration of the fine arts, we shall soon be entitled to a new degree of M. A., but we shall have another letter added, M. A. L., we shall be Masters in the Art of Loving!

Experience—In Tablet Form.

There had been a most interesting time with the returned missionary. Her face told most plainly the service through which she had passed; everybody was happy, there were congratulations, bouquets—and other settings of a most beautiful picture, for she had come home to her own people after a long seige in the far-away land. It *was* inspiring, and not a few young women wished for just that experience. In a little group of young people the matter was discussed, when one young woman said very frankly: "Well, I do not want to be a missionary; but I would like to be a returned missionary." She liked the hearty greeting, the glory which surrounded the life of the young woman yonder, who was receiving the congratulations of her friends, who was the most admired, the most praised woman in all that little community! She was willing to take her glory—but not her years of service.

When the first touch of amusement at the

singular remark passes away, and a sober second thought takes its place, one is reminded of the common human wish of the young woman. The whole world is full of people who would like to be returned missionaries, but who will not consent to "go" in order that they may have the experience of a "return." There are many people who never take hold of the hard end of service, yet who are always willing to take honor that does not belong to them. They would like it, if by some process they might get the experience—in tablet form! Everything nowadays comes in tablet form; no cooking, no rubbing, no work of any kind; simply put in the tablet, and lo, the work is done; you have the enjoyment without the labor. But have you, after all? The digested foods, the condensed extracts in tablet form, are mostly intended for people of weak digestion, who might not need the tablets if they went out and did an honest day's work. But they prefer the tablets!

In the twelfth chapter of Revelation the secret of victory is given, concerning those who have already reached home: "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved

not their lives unto the death." And the method of their victory is the same in every age, in every life. No man can get the victor's crown if he is not willing to bear the soldier's burden. It is a trite thing to sing or say, "No crown without a cross," for we are losing the great teaching enfolded in it. Less and less are we willing to endure pain; we are in the anesthetic age—deaden pain is the effort of the hour. We want to go to sleep at every turn, and when we awake the pain must be gone, and the normal condition resumed. There are short cuts to everything good; success is only around the corner—if you take this tablet! Here are methods of getting one's lessons so as to pass examinations without struggle—if you take this tablet! Here is a way of getting your diploma without very much work—if you take this tablet! The blessings of hours of study, the development that comes through long hours of thought and patient inquiry—we have no time for these; we are after the diploma, we wish to get through; we want to be returned missionaries; we like to join in the home-march of the soldiers; we like the crowning—please do not say so much of cross-bearing! so we take the

experience in tablet form, and lo, the glory is ours! Is it?

Whenever you meet a snob on the street, whose strength is in the cane he carries and in the high collar that sustains his head, you meet a fellow who has been living on tablets—the condensed riches of his hard-working father; he has glory without gory; and he does not know how to behave himself. It is always so when the soldier's glory is in the trappings he wears, and not in the service through which he has gone. Old soldiers are not very talkative; especially do they dislike to discuss their own experiences in which they did hard service; the sense of service is theirs, and the inner sense of victory is greater than the outer applause. When brass bands came to serenade Gen. Grant the leader would ask him for a favorite tune. "Something short," was his laconic reply. It is said that he did not enjoy music, but there may have been another reason for that!

The only head that can fittingly wear a crown is the one that understands the secret of service. If we ever reach home, "the Father's house," we shall reach it over the road our fathers trod. What some folks will

do in heaven is a growing mystery to their friends here; for heaven is a place for returned missionaries, that is, for people who have finished their course, who have fought the fight, who have kept the faith; who overcame, who loved not their lives unto the death. That being so, the great army that is being carried—in ambulances, in palace cars, with meals *en route*; who need to be fed with spoons of comfort and weekly visitations in order to keep them in the army at all;—ah, how will they behave in heaven? Looking again at the heavenly host one is reminded that they came up through great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Such is the spirit of the whole book. If you would reign, you must fight, if you would have the victory you must join the army; the martial spirit must not be lost among the King's children. They used to sing:

"I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the Lord."

There is no other interpretation to be placed upon the Christian church. It is an army; it is a holy warfare; if you would come home

with a soldier's victory you must go out with the army and join in the holy conflict.

No: one cannot buy experience in tablet form. There are some things that will not change as long as the world stands. And unearned victory is like a fine jewel in a brass setting.

"The brightest souls which glory ever knew,
Were rocked in storms and nursed when tempests
blew."

The Stone Under the Ground.

Part of every building is under the ground; it would not be amiss to say that the most important part of every building is under the ground. In the erection of a church building a while ago, the architect called for foundations that seemed far beyond the needs of such a building, when one gave a cursory glance at the plans. It was a common remark: "What immense foundations—why should they be needed?" But as the building grew, and the whole plan of the architect came out more clearly, the great foundations were found to be just what was required for the load resting upon them. But the foundation has disappeared—under the ground. When one looks at the building now he sees ornamental work, fine curves and sweeping arches; and the music that fills the building makes one think of the heavenly land and its perfected life. The pathetic thing about the building, however, is that stone work under the ground. These boulders were on the ground first; they lay

around waiting for the great hole to be dug, and then they took their places, and were soon out of sight. People never think of them, save when there is a crack in the walls, or some portion somewhat out of plumb.

From one viewpoint these stones under the ground have reason to complain, for they are so soon forgotten. Yet that for which they were intended has been done, and they stay in their places, for the whole building rests on them.

In every great movement for the helpfulness of the world, there must of necessity be underground work; and it is to the discredit of the world that it so soon forgets its greatest helpers. "Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors." but the world is so apt to forget the labor into which it has entered. There are men and women who wrought nobly in the years past, putting in the foundations of great and useful movements which are blessing the world today; their names are rarely mentioned; only the historian who may set in order the story will be interested in the beginnings of things; but the world goes on enjoying its privileges, rarely stopping to think of those who went before. Foundation stones are always under ground.

Now he who would be a foundation-stone must be content to pay that price,—of being lost to sight, and often to memory. As you go into the old church next Sunday,—if you should go early enough to enjoy a brief meditation before the opening song of praise—think awhile of the foundation stones of the building; no, not the boulders under the ground, but of those men and women who went before, who struggled, and sacrificed that foundations might be laid, and a church of Christ established for those who should come after them. They are gone and almost forgotten. But they were true souls; they knew they were going into the foundation; that they would soon be out of sight, as the great work went on to completion. Nor did it worry them; they came to the kingdom to be foundation stones, and they rested content. That men today do not sing their praises does not take from their heavenly song a single note. Perhaps, if you could talk with them—these souls in glory, whose earthly work was under the ground—they might tell you of the peculiar joy that was theirs in the days of foundation laying, joys to which we, who came after, are strangers. There was the community of inter-

est born out of a common burden; they were so few, they had to stand and labor together. Everything that went into the first building represented sacrifice; how they labored and prayed; how every stone that went into the building was cemented with their tears of joy. Now that they have entered into their rest the fact that they are forgotten in the earth does not take from their joy; they expected that; for foundation-stones cannot expect to be the ornaments over the doors, or panels, or pulpit. Their joy is increased by the fact that others have entered into their labors and found them permanent.

Behind almost every successful son you will find a silent godly mother and father; it is enough for them to hear the applause given to their son; they laid the foundations for his success, and in his glory they share. That was a sweetly pathetic picture drawn by Ian MacLaren, on his visit to this country a few years ago. He was telling of the sacrifices made in many Scottish homes that some one lad in the household might become a scholar; toward his education they all gave; they sacrificed in untold ways, in order that their lad might indeed be a "lad o' pairts." And when

the quaint couple came to the city on the day of graduation, their eager look to the platform, the insignificance of the college president and faculty, even the lord mayor, by the side of their lad who marched out with other graduates, and received his parchment,—ah, that was their hour of glory, and heaven's joy flashed full into their faces. But no one knew them; they were the stones under the ground for yonder lad to build on! It is the picture of the truly common life the world is living every day. Whatever of strength we have in the body politic or religious, it is because some heroic souls were content to go into the foundations of things. It is amazing what a superstructure a few good foundation stones can carry!

But there is another surprising truth: What a host of people who are willing to enjoy the completed building, but who will not come near when foundations are being laid! You have heard, perhaps, of people who are always ready to jump on the band-wagon when it goes out on parade—people who never came around while the wagon was being made, or while the band was doing some rough practicing. That is always the way of the world. But the

men and the women who made the wagon have the larger, deeper joy; and their joy no man can take from them, for no man gave it to them. So,—in this interchange of the figure of speech,—to the people who are working out of sight, the stones under the ground, there will come to them a reward of which the great masses of people will be forever ignorant: they know not the sweetness of struggle or sacrifice. In this, also, “many are called, but few are chosen.”

The Gospel of the Inner Life.

There are two lives that most of us lead: an inner life and an outer life. The outer life is that which people see and become acquainted with; the inner life is that which is known only to God. Happy shall we be if in the sight of Him there shall be no inner Mr. Hyde! But the truth still stands—that we are living two lives—the outer and the inner.

Going still deeper, it is permissible to say that there are two spiritual lives—the outer and the inner. For the sake of convenience it may be said that there is the outer gospel salvation from sin, and an inner gospel of a life surrendered to God for living and serving. It is quite true that there may be differences of opinion as to the way of putting it; that in reality there can be only one life. But we are dealing with things as they are and appear, and not with theological statements of spiritual truths. There are those who have believed in Jesus unto salvation; at

least, such is their claim. They declare that they have repented of their sins, sought salvation, and by faith in Jesus are living in him—they are saved from their sins! The suggestion of a life surrendered to God for service among men; an inner yielding that calls for the surrender of the whole man after the spirit of Paul's beseeching in the twelfth of Romans—they know very little of that life; no more, perhaps, than the Romans did, unto whom Paul's plea came for the consecrated life.

It is also true that there are not a few Christian workers who are living the outer life, who seem to be ignorant of the inner life. They are ever busy *doing* things. Their life is measured by activity, never by devotion. To them a new method of doing an old thing is their supremest joy. They are as full of methods as a pudding is full of sweets. The first thing that attracts them in a paper is the column of mechanics; where new ways of doing things are the staple. That which ministers to the inner life, which seeks to bring them up to a point of vision where the spiritual is fundamental and the method incidental, that is something which is dull to

them; the paper is worthful in the measure that it declares how a social may be conducted, how to lead a meeting, some new way of raising money, some new method of getting committees to work. Now it should be said quickly that "methods" are important, and must never be overlooked; but when the method is exalted above the spirit, the work might as well be left undone. The cynic who said that the average notion of church work was a contrivance to raise money was not so much of a cynic as some are inclined to think.

The difficulty with the outer life—that of mere mechanics—is that it gives no permanence either to the work or the worker. Things "go" as long as the machinery moves; they stop when the machinery stops; there is little abiding life in it all. The worker loses courage, because the surface shows that things are stagnant, that people are not doing what they ought to do. The reason he loses courage, and often decides to stop the work himself, is because he has no other life than the outer; the only inspiration in his life is that which comes from seeing wheels go round. There is altogether too much of the outer life to the neglect of the inner life.

Is it not true that many of the "off-shoots" from what we call the orthodox faith are traceable to a desire on the part of many people to find a deeper spiritual life than they have found among so-called orthodox people? There has unquestionably been a striking lack of spiritual life; things have run to methods instead of placing the emphasis on the spirit; in consequence, many hungry hearts have turned away from the old paths and sought a deeper life in new directions. It is noticeable that what these disciples of a newer faith say they have found is, in the last analysis, the old spiritual life, which was the emphasis of the fathers, and which is the joyful keynote of the newer movement in religious directions. It is more than the expression of a hope to say that we are on the eve of a new religious awakening; it is the answer to the cry of the multitude for bread, the bread that comes only from God. There is a relish for deeper spiritual truths noticeable in many directions which seems to be greater and deeper than for some years. The growth of "summer assemblies" with spiritual aims and ideals is a striking commentary on the newer movement in the religious life. While interest in methods has

always been keen, there has been a noticeable response to the presentation of the greater truths, the life of the spirit as being more than the life of the method; one is transient, the other permanent, enduring, eternal, because it is the life of God in the human soul. There is unquestionably the dawning of a brighter day for the churches of Jesus Christ; we are not going forward to newer thinking necessarily, but we are certainly going towards that conception of life which is the burden of John's gospel; and that it is genuine is evidenced by the response which is made in every direction.

There is nothing so shallow as that which is called success these days. Here is a young man of forty years. He figures in magazine and newspaper articles as an example of success. Young men read of his small beginnings, his large expansion, his growth to a place where his salary is double that of the chief ruler in a great commonwealth. But the ink is scarcely dry in which his successful qualities are lauded before there are strange rumors of singular misconduct. Of course, vigorous denials are made, but there is a gradual decline until he is forced out of his high position, and it is quite likely he will never be heard of

again. His photograph was placed too soon in the gallery of the world's successful men! The same is true of much that is called success in religious directions. There are reports of great movements, and the tide rises high! But there is an ebb of the tide, and that which was success is likely to be only an emphasis upon the failures of too sanguine men. There is only one thing that assures abiding success, and that is the inner, the spiritual life. Only that which is spiritual is eternal, and unless our work is grounded in God it will move out on the shifting sands at the last.

There is nothing that will sustain one in defeat so much as the gospel of the inner life. That there will be failures goes without saying. There are times of heart-sinking to us all; things will not go—save as they go backward. What shall a man do when he sees things going against him; when the work seems to drag; when success smiles on the other worker, and seeming failure stares him in the face? Well, he can run away—which is the common impulse. He is likely to do that if his life is fed by outer circumstances and not by inner spiritual streams. But that is the method of a coward and not of a brave

soul. It is because of circumstances that so many churches desire changes in pastorates, when, if they were sensible, and had the spiritual life—the inner life—they would make it an occasion of heart-searching and mutual encouragement, for it must be true that God has lessons for us through defeat, greater sometimes than those that are taught by success. And no man can endure failure only as he is fed by the inner life.

What is it? Oh, the answer is not difficult: It is the complete surrender of all of life into the hands of God; to go, to stay, to be, to do—just what God directs. When one can say, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me," he has entered upon the real life of a child of God, and the secret of the Lord is with him.

Why They Failed.

John Strenuous was a disappointed young man. He felt that he had done his best, both in the matter of preparation and delivery. He had written out every word of the sermon before he preached it; he gave much time to research and general study, in order to embellish and enrich his subject-matter. Yet he felt all through the preaching that his message did not get hold of the people; indeed, he himself seemed to have a lax hold upon the sermon. And he was accordingly depressed in mind and heart.

George D. Tale was the leader of the young people's meeting; he was also president of the Society. Nothing had been left undone to make the meeting one of the best during his term of office. With great care he had selected the music; several solos were provided for; the singers were all in good voice, and the responses were many—for the pledge somehow kept things moving along. But the meeting was unsatisfactory, there seemed to be little life

in it; and while the meeting was on time in every way, moving with the regularity of a machine, the leader felt that it was mechanical—and nothing more. And he was sick at heart. He began to say that he ought to give up his office to somebody “who can do the work better.”

Martha Haste also had an unhappy Sunday. She had carefully prepared her Sunday-school lesson. According to a pledge she had made with herself, she spent fifteen minutes a day on the lesson, keeping up that practice every day; her conscience would give her no rest till she had done her “stint” in this direction also. But she did not enjoy the lesson, and the class did not seem to care much for it. She went home, and, girl-like had a good cry. She felt better after the cry, but the truth must be told that the tears did not wash away the sense of failure that day.

Not a week passes but what the history of these three friends is duplicated all over the world. Where is the difficulty, what is the matter? There is no fault with the preparation, of a certain sort—and a very important sort. But the lack to be mentioned here is of a character not so often spoken of, which, how-

ever, will surely be regarded as most vital. There is not a reader of this book to whom the subject is not of living interest and since it is the outgrowth of personal experience, we may be able to help each other. The trouble with John Strenuous was that while he had given full time to the preparation of his sermon he gave little time to the preparation of himself; he had given full heed to the doctrine, but had forgotten to take heed to himself; the sermon was ready, but John was not ready. Most of the people who listened to him discovered this one striking omission in the sermon: John was not in his sermon; he had the sermon, but the sermon did not grip him. He studied enough, he wrote enough, but he did not pray enough.

Powerlessness is traceable to prayerlessness. There is no more subtle temptation today to the busy man—not alone the commercial man, but the Christian worker—than heeding calls to "service" to such an extent that the call to prayer is often forgotten; prayer becomes an attachment to service instead of the very breath of life. Looking over the field of workers today no man can truthfully say that it is not occupied by a studious people; everything is

overturned, and lifted to the light. But is it not true that we have grown so busy in these things as to neglect the real sources of power?

The other day some one asked Dr. Cuyler as to the changes which he noted coming over the ministry during the last thirty or forty years. Among other strong things, he said that impassioned preaching had largely died out. One was reminded at once of the actor's remark to a minister: "We take fiction and act as if it were true; you take truth and speak as if it were fiction." But that is not the trouble; the trouble today is a lack of prayer-saturated service; and it is no more the fault of the preacher than it is of any one else; it is a common error in all departments of Christian work. Many discussions, many differences of opinion, many sharp criticisms, would never arise if we were a prayer-saturated people. We believe in prayer, we talk about prayer, we ask people to pray for us. There is nothing wrong with the doctrine, but there is weakness with the man who handles the doctrine. We do everything but pray; that is the one hurried exercise of the day with a large majority of Christians. We are often powerless for no other reason than that we are prayerless. You

remember the old story of Martin Luther, who said that he had grown so busy in work that he found it necessary to increase his hours of prayer and communion! Is it not true that we put it the other way? We are so busy that we have little time for prayer; we carry our prayers along in luncheon-fashion, and eat as we have opportunity, or as we run along.

Certainly no one will understand me as suggesting that prayers along the way are not real prayers, or that I do not think they are needful; they are necessary, and will have all the more life and meaning if they are continuations of seasons of waiting on God, "in the secret of his presence." If one should ask me what is one of the chiefest problems in the advance of the kingdom of God, I should say without hesitation, the prayer-problem. It is not necessary to call attention here to the prayers of Jesus and his long vigils in the mountain; we are fully acquainted with the story; but we can never be too fully acquainted with the meaning of those prayers.

Paul believed in doctrine, and felt that it was necessary to Timothy's equipment; but it was not the first essential: "Take heed unto thyself—and the doctrine." To be doctrinally strong

and spiritually weak is to be one of the most sadly unbalanced men in the world. But this message is not to preachers especially. Only as we are linked with God can we hope to do effective work for God.

Doing Things Because You Must.

There is too much forced Christian service in the world. There are too many things done simply to save self-respect, in the doing of which there is no joy, no gladness, no happy consciousness of service rendered freely, just because you wanted to do it. While it may seem strange to say—yet it is worth considering—that none of us deserve any credit for the mere performance of duty. That is the honest demand of everyone, and we cannot shirk our duty without harming character. But there is no special glory in simply doing your duty. The higher glory of life is in the doing of that which is not definitely exacted as a duty, but in the exercise of a privilege—which often leads one to work hard and suffer long, not because duty demands it, but because you choose to exercise a privilege which is yours. There is a suggestion of this truth in Paul's letter to the Corinthians (I Cor. 9), in which he reminds them that he has certain rights, which he makes very clear. He has a right to

their support; it is their bounden duty to pay him for his service in the gospel; it is not a question of privilege with them—it is their duty. But while it is clearly their duty to support him, it is his privilege to accept or refuse the money. That which is their duty is his privilege. There are not a few people to whom this message of Paul has significance, for they think that “gospel support” is a matter of privilege, when it is entirely a matter of right and duty. The glory in Christian giving is not found in this chapter from Paul’s letter. The higher glory in every life is when it is lived above the level of duty, on the high planes of privilege. How far short of the real “glory” we come, each one knows best.

Is it not true that the difference between tithes and offerings is the difference between duty and privilege? It was the duty of the Israelite to pay his tithe; it was his gracious privilege to make love offerings. Sometimes a man complains at the severe exactions of duty, but he must never complain at the demands of love; love service is the enjoyment of a privilege; it ceases to be the service of love when it is given grudgingly, or of necessity. This was the heart of the trouble with

Ananias and Sapphira. It was not their duty to sell their property for the benefit of the common treasury; faith in Jesus Christ never yet abrogated property rights. Peter clearly told them that the property was theirs. It was their privilege to sell it, and bring the money to Peter, but no one could say that it was their duty. Their falsehood was in the gracious realm of privilege, which made it all the more reprehensible. It is noteworthy that their punishment was on account of their lying and not on account of their withholding property.

This method of presenting the lofty ideal of privilege is likely to disturb not a few of us, for the reason that we have a hard time at best in the bare performance of duty, and we rarely compass the demand. But if we approach it in another way we shall discover, perhaps, that duties may be swallowed up of privileges. It seems like a paradox, but that which is a duty at first sight may become a privilege through the motive with which it is performed. Sometimes a feeling of resentment at a privilege changes it into a hard and stern duty. And this thrusts us into the very heart of the matter. There are too many things done solely because we feel we must do them. Look over the field

of Christian service; it is startling to discover duties which are only half performed, while those who look upon the calls of duty as privileges are very few. It is only he who does his duty who can consider the question of exercising his privileges. What a change would come over the whole field of service if we all of us should take hold of things as royal privileges. When you go reluctantly to a Sunday-school class, to teach in the absence of the regular teacher perhaps, the scholars can tell whether you are exercising a privilege or teaching them because you must. It is a sight to make an angel weep to see a superintendent stand and plead with some mature Christian to come and teach a class of boys or girls; and no greater mistake can be made than to suppose that this hesitancy is not seen by the class—and the effect is accordingly. Here is the whole Sunday-school problem in one sentence: Unless there is a revival of enthusiasm for effective Sunday-school teaching, eagerly grasping it as the most gracious privilege on this earth, the Sunday-school is a doomed institution. Doubtless we need to discuss the duty of the matter, but the bare performance of duty will never

make an effective teacher. In the kingdom, or out of it, the man who simply performs his duty, and is careful not to go beyond "what he is paid for," is not fit to be counted among the world's royal workers. It may be a duty to preach the gospel—it must be so considered by the man who preaches. But no preacher ever sent the evangel home to the heart who did not burst over the demands of duty and let himself "out" in the realm of the most gracious privilege ever presented to men.

It may seem to be descending to a matter-of-fact level, but it is part of the purpose of this heart-talk to get close to the workers in the kingdom. There is too much drafted service, too much work performed most unwillingly, which is apparent to all—and the work is lifeless in its results. Only the enthusiasm of privilege in God's service can save the day in many churches in the land. What a time to get people to serve on committees; what an effort to get members to lead meetings—and oftentimes to attend meetings! There is the dull monotony of routine duty—and the meetings are dead! Duty never created an ounce of enthusiasm; but duty absorbed by privilege creates

a holy fire toward which many will flock. There is a wide difference between a painted fire and a real flame!

Where does duty end and privilege begin? The answer is again in paradox: Unto him whose heart is aflame with love for the Master and those for whom he died; whose chief desire is to live a genuine Christ-life, the question is answered in the asking. There is no duty—it is all privilege! Gracious heart, take my hand, and let us go up higher!

Gifts.

Whenever a man or a woman reaches a certain degree of proficiency in any direction, there are always those who, with a certain jealous air, say in a half-apologetic tone, "O, it is a gift with them;" always implying that there was no work attached to the accomplishment, that it came quite easy—so no credit for hard work was given; really it implies little effort on the worker's part! There is nothing more mischievous in its effect on young people than this kind of reasoning; it is not only mischievous, but utterly false, as regards the history of men and the teachings of the Bible. What are called "gifts" by many people are simply the result of hard work, zealous application, persistent energy—by which gifts of God are exercised to their fullest possibility.

Neither natural nor spiritual gifts are complete in themselves. Gifts are the rough material from which splendid lives are to be built. They are the great trees from the garden of God given to men to saw and carve and

fashion—to build withal. God does not deal in ready-made furniture, nor in ready-made men. There is nothing complete in the world of nature or men; all is in process of growing, of enlargement; when development ceases, decay begins. All the while people speak of gifts as if they are given of God complete in themselves, leaving nothing to be done but to accept—and get the glory.

If one should look into the lives of people who have achieved any measure of success, he would be surprised to discover the amount of hard work they put into their years. The work which was done with seeming ease was not given to them as a gift; it was the result of the exercise of the gift. Doubtless they were gifted—so are all men; but the gift was of little value until they took hold of it and of themselves, and exercised the gift until they were able to do their work with apparent ease.

Mr. Edison is sometimes called a wizard. Now a wizard is a man who stands up, waves his hands over nothing and brings out something! He says, for instance, "Ene, mene, mine, mo—presto!" and lo, the thing is done. Much unfairness has been done to Mr. Edison

by suggesting that he is a wizard; that is, that he does things without hard work and long hours; and much mischief has been done to younger people by such a suggestion; for, since they are not able to do things in such presto fashion, they take it that they have no "gift," and therefore there is no call for hard and patient toil. Mr. Edison has some five thousand or more patents in the patent office at Washington; most of these patents are way-marks along the road of his days and nights of incessant toil. His chief gift has been the will and patience to work and work hard, regardless of hours, by day or night. His chief gift was the genius of service—he knows how to plod. It is true that the easier days have come to him, but he has earned them, and the fruit of his life abides. We shall not be surprised to discover that in these days of resting he is enjoying himself with his gift—and you may look for some things great and wonderful. Yes, he has a rare gift—he does not know how to loaf! One says it hesitatingly, for fear it will be misunderstood, but somebody ought to say it—so here it is: One of the chief difficulties in the present situation in trades unionism is its arbitrary declaration as to how

much work a man shall do; how many bricks he shall lay in a day; how many gas fixtures he shall put up in a day—and so on. The trouble is that the thing is contrary to the best interest of the great family, and of irreparable injury to the worker. Repression never helped men; no man has a moral right to do half the work he is capable of doing. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and there were four men sitting together with their tools about them. In response to my question as to what they were doing, I was told that they had finished their "stint," and were waiting for the hour to quit work; that is, they were waiting for the time to end for which they were paid, —whether they worked or not! That principle is utterly vicious in morals. No man has a right to so stifle his best self; he should be given free air in which to stir up the gift that is in him. It may be that there are other gifts in his possession which will never be awakened or discovered until he has taken the one gift and worked it hard. It is to be hoped that this dead-level of unionism will be righted, as I think it will be.

There was a young man by the name of Timothy. He had a good friend named Paul.

Now Timothy was a bright young man, whom we should doubtless call "gifted." He had good parts, but they were only "parts." It may be a strange thing to say, but it is quite likely that Timothy may have been inclined to neglect himself. Shall I say he was inclined to be lazy? No, I will not say that, but there were some reasons for Paul's repeated suggestions to him which we do not find in the record of that time. Timothy received two letters from his friend Paul. In the first letter he told the young man to be careful and not neglect the gift that was given to him. Perhaps Paul heard some things after he sent that first letter which impressed him with the idea that he should repeat his former message with yet greater force; so he wrote again: "I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee." You will note the force of this suggestion when you are reminded that the picture is that of stirring something up into flame; there was slumbering fire in Timothy—a gift of God! Is Timothy failing to stir it up? The entire letter breathes a yearning desire that he shall live up to his gift. The gift is God's, but the development is Timothy's.

Look down the road. It is the pathway over which humanity has come these thousands of years. What bright lives—shattered by the roadside. Gifted people they were but their seeming gifts were their ruin; things came so easy to them, that they presumed on their ability to do things, and they went to ruin. Of how many young men and women it is said, "What a pity; he can do anything—but he will not work; she has a great gift in music, but she will not practice!" That is the story of many bright boys and girls who received the impression in school and at home that they were really gifted—and they never reached the crest of the hill. I knew a beautiful young woman, gifted in many ways; everybody loved her for her brightness and clever disposition. When she stood in line to receive her diploma on college commencement day she received a diploma, but it was *unsigned*! Out of pity (but it was wrong) the faculty permitted her to stand in her supposed rightful place; the great audience thought she was honored as the others; but she could not get the right kind of a diploma! A few who had heard of it said, "What a pity, and she was so bright and beautiful!" Yes, but she did not have will enough to

stir up the gift that was hers. I knew a young man whose father fairly raved over the suggestion that his son should receive an unsigned diploma, on this same occasion. It never occurred to him, nor to the girl's friends, that it did not matter, after all. Diplomas are not gifts; they tell of gifts properly exercised; and all the diplomas in the world could not operate together in making one thorough life, unless they told the truth! In the measure that they are false in that measure will they prove to be stumbling blocks.

Gifts are opportunities for service; seed to be planted; problems to be worked out. Gifts are not predigested foodstuffs for the brain, saving one the necessity of service. The best gift is a stout heart, steady brain, willing hands—a worker with God. It is to him the Master was speaking when he said, "Unto him that hath it shall be given!"

The Sin of Depreciation.

The conductor was washing his hands in the wash-room of the Pullman sleeper, talking meanwhile of the number of happy and enthusiastic young people whom he had on the train. "Who are they? Where do they come from? Are they Salvation Army people, or Adventists—or—what"? And he smiled in a peculiar way. On being told what he ought to have known—that they were delegates from the Student Volunteer Convention, he added, with chuckling sarcasm: "O yes, they are the folks going to convert the heathen Chineese!" He thought he was saying a smart thing, and evidently intended to convey the impression that such work was worthy only of weak-minded people. He was seeking to depreciate another's work. If any one had indulged in any reflection on his work, considering it menial or unworthy, he would have been guilty of the same sin—one of the meanest sins in the large catalogue of sins in this world; yet also a sin many people are guilty of, who would be horrified if they could be made to see it.

Sometimes the evil shows itself in self-depreciation, which passes as humility. The world is full of people who are dissatisfied with the work they are called upon to do; they consider it mean and low and unworthy; and their lives are unhappy because of it year round. He has found the secret of happy living who has learned in whatsoever state he is placed, in whatever work he is called upon to do, therein to be content. Paul learned that lesson, but there are not many Pauls, not as many as there ought to be. These people are never promoted; they always fill the second places, for very manifest and sensible reasons. When you have once learned the lesson that all work is honorable, that all "is of God," you have learned the short road to human happiness.

If there is an evil under the sun, blasting and withering in its effects on the work of the kingdom, greater than this evil of depreciation, here is a man who does not know it. We do not grow faster because we are often afraid of giving the other man credit for the good work he is doing. "That is a splendid work Brother X. is doing," said one man to another. "O, yes—but——" and the shrug of the shoulders told of the shameful sin of depreciation. He did not need to say more.

Here is a map of a foreign country; it may be a dark continent; at the very best it is a dark continent. It may be in a Baptist meeting, or a Methodist, or Presbyterian meeting. it does not matter which; we are alike in the matter. The way the story is told one receives the impression that the only folks in that section of the world who are doing work for God are "our" folks; and unconsciously we are guilty of the sin of depreciation. Our work would stand out all the stronger if we gave cordial credit to others who may be working just as hard as we are to bring in the kingdom of God.

Here is a report being made of work in a given direction; the report calls for a complete statement of everything going forward in that section of Christian service, in the way of workers, literature, organization, etc. Yet the report is often one-sided, and gives such emphasis on a single phase of work done, that very often larger and more effective service is minimized, and some of us are guilty of the sin of depreciation—a horrible sin, if we could only be made to see it.

There is a picture somewhere, bearing the title, "The Monk's Story." A poor, thin, care-

worn, missionary monk, is seated with a half dozen slick and well-fed priests, who are lounging about the room, sipping wine, while he is telling the story of his hardships, and the efforts to carry his message to the dark regions of the earth. His wine remains untasted, on the table; he leans forward, intent on giving his experiences. Surely they will appreciate the work he has been trying to do! But their sly looks over their glasses show how amused they are—his story is a rare joke; what is such work to the fine cultured work they are doing—alack! They have not learned, and it is quite likely they will never learn, that one of the meanest sins people can be guilty of is this same sin of depreciating another's labor. Here is a hard-worked missionary telling a story of experiences in a foreign field. Did you hear what some of his brethren said about it? They have never learned the difference between cynicism and criticism!

This matter is all the worse when we come to the discussion of the relative values in missionary endeavor. There is only one gospel—the world-wide gospel; there is no suggestion in the Bible of a difference in the mind of God concerning a certain section of the earth; Christ

died for the whole world; we are to carry the gospel to the ends of the earth. The only place of beginning is where every one finds himself—to go out from that point and carry the gospel to the ends of creation. He who only begins to be a missionary after he has reached his “field,” will never make much of a missionary. All this we believe. And yet it is one of the most saddening things of the time to note the minimizing of another’s labor on the part of those who are working away in the field, each one supposedly doing his very best. But no man or woman who seeks to build up his or her work by depreciating the work of another, either by studied silence or scant reference, or open opposition, will ever build permanently any work they have in hand; they are foredoomed to failure.

The young people now coming to the front in the kingdom have many lessons to learn; they need to be careful not to depreciate the work of those whose places they are now taking. People who are called “old fogies”—a term happily not often used these days—are often people who have held things together and made possible many victories we are claiming for ourselves.

When Benjamin West was a little boy he was playing on his mother's kitchen floor. He got a piece of charcoal and drew a figure on the clean kitchen floor! His mother might have scolded (or spanked!) him for soiling the floor. But she didn't—she kissed him and told him he would be an artist. When he was an old man he said, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

There is a bird singing near that open window. He is doing his best; I do not know what God will do with him—but he will have his reward. Yet it is only a bird song. Here is the work we are called upon to do; I do not know what God will do about it, but I do know that the least we do for him "is precious in his sight." What God refuses to call common, let us not call mean or low.

"If I Should Die Before I Wake."

The following story of "Donny" is one of those heart-parables of life which cannot be told too often, though its lessons are not heeded as they ought to be. The sudden look into the future, the possibility of not being here to help adjust that future, is a suggestion that should come close to the hearts of about all the people who are now living in the world.

"'F I should die 'fore I wake," said Donny, kneeling at grandmother's knee, "'f I should die 'fore I wake—"

"I pray"—prompted the gentle voice. "Go on, Donny."

"Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a brief space he was back again and, dropping down in his place, took up his petition where he left it. But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke, concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was sayin', grand-

mother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads, just to see how he'd tear round in the mornin'. But 'f—I should die 'fore I wake,' why—I didn't want him to find 'em that way, so I had to go down and fix 'em right. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake."

Donny's comment on his prayer strikes the root of the whole matter. There are some things that may seem funny, if you are going to live; but—if you are going to die before you wake, why—they will not seem so funny. You can take this boyish way of putting it, and go far into the whole manner of living and praying—and dying—and you cannot fail to be helped. Who is there among us who is not waiting for some better day in which to do things that ought to be done—today; the neglect of which, should we die before we wake, will leave some sad hearts behind us, and perhaps give some restless twinges in the dying pillow.

I remember—it happened a long while ago—a man who was planning to get even with

another who had done him an injury. The injury was nothing serious, but it was enough to stir this one man to the depths; and he had an opportunity to let things go in a certain way which would have seriously affected the standing and prospects of the other man. The act in itself was not wrong—perhaps; that is, there was no reason why he should not allow things to take their course, and let his enemy come to grief. I happened to meet him on the street. While the matter was none of my concern, yet there was a natural interest in the affairs of the kingdom—and both these men declared themselves as members of the kingdom of Christ. The man who greeted me on the street was an old man, his step somewhat slow. I said, after a friendly greeting:

"I understand that you purpose——"

"Yes," was the quick reply, and his face grew hard. "He deserves it."

"Is it necessary that you should let this matter go in this way?" was the next question.

"Well, no, but he has not been fair to me—and I purpose to let things take their course!"

I looked into his face. Our eyes met. After a moment's silence I said to him:

"Brother M——, you are getting to be an

old man ; I notice the gray hairs streaking your beard, and your hair is getting thin and white on your head. You are going to come to the end of things one of these days. Do you think that this matter will add any feathers to your dying pillow?"

He looked at me for a moment, his face twitched, and he seemed to grow nervous and unsteady. At last he said,—while the tears fell over his face: "No! No! I don't want any such feathers in my pillow!"

Before we separated, the matter was adjusted, and he was satisfied—but it was the satisfaction that grew out of his dying pillow. It would not do to go to sleep with that thing resting over him. Of course, if he should wake up some morning, and be sorry, he might go to his enemy and fix it up ; but—if he should die before he waked up on that propitious morning, it would not be quite so comfortable. "There's lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die before you wake."

What "menageries" would be "fixed right," if there should be a halt in our prayers, and

everyone go out and straighten the wrong things before the prayers are finished! And yet all this is just what the Master taught when he said that if in the midst of the offering at the altar there came the thought of a trouble with a brother, the worship should be halted, the trouble adjusted, and then a return to the altar would be acceptable to God. There are many differences between men that have no real grounds of justification. It is true that there are differences of opinion; it is equally true that it is a difficult thing to express your differences without letting the personal element enter in, which usually means bad blood, and unpleasant consequences.

One of the most humiliating things in Christian service is the publication of differences between brethren, and it would seem as though the differences amounted to personal hatred. In such cases it is useless to pray. The parties in dispute must come together before they can be accepted at the Throne. "Forgive as we forgive," is the divine teaching—and no man has a side door to the holy of holies! God is not interested in our quarrels; he is interested in us, and desires that we shall

live together in peace and righteousness. There is nothing so pitable on this earth as differences between Christians. The Canaanite who is always in the land, sees the disturbance, and the reproach is upon God, whom the fighting folks are supposed to worship. Now and then you hear some men plead for a better relationship between the church and the masses. But I am inclined to think there is something more necessary than that. It is a drawing together of God's own people, who shall bury their differences, take the chips from their shoulders, and seek to make a loving compact with each other for the sake of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. There is only one badge we have a right to wear; not the ribbon of rival camps, but the badge of a united company—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Mr. Moody used to say that if the repentance of Zachæus were duplicated in this day, what an exciting time there would be on the streets, as wrong-gotten gains were being returned to rightful owners. But a yet more exciting time would be seen if all men who say they belong to God would leave their offerings

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on the altars, their prayers unfinished, and go out and fix up their differences with other folks—lest they die before they wake! What showers of blessing would fall. Suppose you begin—here—now!



The Light Beyond the Cross.

There are two sorts of burden-bearers in the world, two sorts of cross-laden people. There are some who endure crosses, because they cannot help it, others because they have deliberately chosen them, some who bear them complainingly, some who bear them silently, some who face them smilingly—but in the main the cross-bearers can be divided into two classes: Those who see a great light beyond their crosses, and those who look upon them and see nothing beyond, only dismal darkness. Both crosses may be cloud-covered, but there is a rift in the cloud of one, through which the light streams; there is no rift in the other cloud; one is the hopeful cross and points the way to an unfolding light, while the other ends in itself, which is burden, sorrow, gloom, hopelessness.

There are two boys at school. The work is likely to be in the nature of cross-bearing. One studies because he must, the other works away because he sees the light beyond the

cross and for the sake of the light and what it reveals, he goes forward joyfully. There is no light beyond the cross of the other boy; to him the whole service is hard and irksome; study is an end in itself—and he hates it. He is glad when the bell rings closing the session, though he looks forward to the next day with unhappy forebodings.

Long ago there came a Man into the world who carried a cross from the beginning. While his way was quiet, so quiet that we know nothing of his life for nearly thirty years, barring a glimpse here and there, he was the great cross-bearer of history. There is no record that he ever complained of his mission; on the contrary, there is every indication that he endured his cross with contentment, and only cried out for pain once or twice—but there was no indication that he was unwilling to endure his cross to the end. He lived at a time of great cross-bearing. His nation was impaled on a cross; the people were gradually being crushed by it. Yet it seems that he endured his cross, not only for his nation, but for all the nations of the world. But he was glad to bear it. Quite a while after his death someone attempted to tell the story of this ex-

perience, and explained the reason for the glad cross-bearing in this way: That it was because of the light that he saw streaming behind the cross, the singular joy that made a background to the cross. While the cross was heavy, while the day of his heaviest trial was sad beyond description, yet he looked beyond the cross—and the steady light streaming through the rift of the clouds gave him peace, and he "bowed his head and died."

He ever suggested to those about him the necessity of following him in this thing also. Not that they should bear a part of his cross. That is a mischievous misunderstanding of what he said. No, each one is to bear his own cross, but he may follow in the way of the Teacher, and see a similar light beyond the cross. And there is something kindred in the joy of the Teacher and his disciple—as they look beyond the cross and see the bright light in the cloud. He saw through the travail of his soul—and was satisfied; he saw the bright light beyond the cross—and was satisfied. He was nerved to endure to the end, when the cross faded out of vision. What did he see? The bright light beyond the cross was a disclosure of the work which his cross should accomplish;

he saw multitudes reaching the larger life, by the way of his cross; he saw the dying soldier on the field of battle, glory in that cross; he saw tired mothers, wearied fathers, burdened children, the sad-eyed poor, the sick, the distressed—he saw them coming into the light of the cross, and great was their peace. What a vision was his as he endured that cross; what a wondrous light beyond!

The helpful people of the world belong to this class of cross-bearers. They sing as they go; they smile through their tears; they make the only atmosphere which is fit to live in, "here below." Their burdens are just as heavy as those of other folks. They are not pointing to their crosses, however; rather do they keep looking to the light beyond the cross. They are ever saying to the tired ones, "The sun will shine tomorrow." They see the light beyond the cross. They are the mothers who tenderly take the pounded finger, blow upon it, kiss it, and say, "there now, it is better already." They are the men who see the darkness closing in about them, and the crosses are heavy, and yet they say to themselves, and to the disheartened world about them, "For right is right, since God is God, and right the day

must win," and in the bright light which shines beyond the cross, they go on through perils many, but no one doubts where they will come out.

Sometimes that light beyond the cross is the light that never yet shone on sea or land, for it comes from the sunlit land beyond the cross. But it shines with steady glow. It is like the light in the summer time that sometimes streams from the western sky at evening time, while in the foreground there is cloud, and storm and thunder and lightning; it is the light beyond the storm, and it rises from the setting sun, but we only can call it setting, for in reality it is shining on another land. Such lights as these beyond the crosses of not a few sustain them on the long, long journey. It is the farther light, but its radiance on the cross is none the less brilliant because it comes from afar.

For all of us, younger and older, this hint of the light beyond the cross should have messages varying in meaning, yet the same in the larger outcome. There is a light beyond every cross—if you will but see it. And the fact of it, the knowledge of it, the hope of it, may hearten the life of every toiler. Take up the

cross of hard study in the school time, beyond it shines a light, the glow of success coming sure. Take up the cross of daily service, hard as it may be, and as it stands athwart the path in which God will have you go, you may see the light beyond; and for this light, for this joy that is set before you, go ahead, endure the shame, bear the cross, and the victory is certain to be yours.

The ministry of those who see the light beyond the cross is large and beautiful. They keep things wholesome and sweet in the common struggle. Wherever they go they carry some of the light with them. The darker the day, the brighter the light. It was of such an one that an unknown writer said:

Never rains where Jim is—
People kickin', whinin';
He goes round insistin',
"Sun is almost shinin'!"

Never's hot where Jim is—
When the town is sweatin'
He jes' sets and answers,
"Well, I ain't a-frettin'!"

Never's cold where Jim is—
None of us misdoubt it,
Seein' we're nigh frozen!
He "ain't thought about it."

Things that rile up others
Never seem to strike him!
"Trouble-proof," I call it,
Wisht that I was like him!

Doubtless Jim saw the clouds and rain, and felt the heat and the cold; and it may be that he often felt like being riled—but he kept on in his path, in the way of his cross, knowing that there was a great light shining behind it. There is a double blessing in it; it is the light for one's own feet, and blazes a path for others to walk in.

Thanksgiving Memories.

There are many vacant seats this Thanksgiving day. There are many seats that are occupied with new faces, and some of the old are still here, for which we are truly thankful. There is no place in the world but what men will be found in abundance who call to mind the breaking of home ties, the going out, and the formation of new ties in new sections of the world. When they went out they took with them heritages greater than money could buy; they carried with them wealth which no one could take from them: the heritage of godly mothers and fathers. It was a peculiar heritage; one that differed somewhat from the heritage they are about to bequeath to their own children; and when one stops to think of it there comes a twinge of pain at some of the things we are in danger of losing, mingled with a fear at that which we are to have in their places. Perhaps I can best tell what I mean by calling up a conversation I recently had with two friends.

It was in a new home; that is, the couple stand at the threshold of life; the family group is now more than two. We were talking about the difference in the gospel message from what it used to be. He said that there were some things people did no longer believe; that the newer preaching fitted the times better, and that within a very few years its entire character would be changed; it would refer merely to morals—and the old-fashioned preaching with the eternal-spirit would be left out. He seemed to consider it a good thing, for it certainly would be in keeping with the movements of today. Both the man and his wife are strong characters, of lofty morals, and faith in God. But the man seemingly has grown more liberal in many things. It transpired in the conversation that he came from Scotch Presbyterian stock, with all the sturdiness of that teaching, with its granite character. His mother is of the old-fashioned sort, strong, rigid, faithful, true, loving, waiting for the "evening bell," which shall presently call her to the land where the sun never sets. After awhile, the conversation drifted into a direction where it seemed easy to say what was in

my heart ; and I said something after this fashion :

"There is something about this matter that is peculiarly distressing. There are so many strong men in this country who fail to realize what makes them strong, and who by reason of that failure are not passing on to the next generation what they have received in such great abundance. That which makes you the man you are you have received wholly from your Puritan family, from your mother's faith, from your father's devotion. Whatever there is about me that may be strong, if I have any strength whatever, is due to my Puritan mother. In that old-fashioned Dutch home there were some things which were adhered to strictly, that have left an abiding mark on my life. Family worship was never omitted ; my earliest recollection is coupled with the morning and evening song and prayer. Often and again the strains of the evensong come with peculiar force, though the song is in a colloquial language I rarely use now : 'Soll diese nacht die letzte sein?' ('Shall this night be the last?')

"Sunday was a day of strictness and faithful observance. And as for the reverence we

had for the house of God, it is a matter of grief to me to see the contrast now. I can plainly see that this is also your life-story. But the overwhelming grief of it is that we are not passing these on to our children. There are many things you are restrained from doing, hardly knowing why, yet it is for no other reason than that your mother's training will not let you do them. With our changed opinions, on which we pride ourselves so much, we have also changed our method of living, and the children of today are robbed of the lofty teaching their parents received. By and by they will be men and women; to confess the truth we must admit they will never have these safeguards of character, because their parents are not the people their grandparents were. The godly teaching, the strict adherence to the right, their persistence in family religion—these things are gone; what a fearful future awaits our children, and what a sad future confronts our country."

The wife responded quickly: "I think it is too true; as I think of it now, I do not know any of my acquaintances who keep up the old habit of family prayer—there are no family altars."

The conversation continued somewhat after this spirit: "We are also suffering from the idea that it no longer matters where we go; we have the idea that almost every form of religion presents the truth. While in one sense there may be some truth in that suggestion, when we speak of the various forms of evangelical religion, yet that old teaching of the fathers fastened us somewhere; we are not fastened anywhere these days. Those of us who are held by the old influences, even though we sometimes go contrary to them, are better able to stand this mistaken teaching than our children; they will have no fastenings anywhere. I confess that when I look at these things, and see the unmistakable drift, and the change that is coming over many men, I have great fears for the future."

As I arose to go, he said, "I want to admit that the moral tone in business is lower today than it ever was before." We were all quite willing to admit that some of the things we had been talking about were the cause of this moral decline.

Thanksgiving day has this peculiar value: that it brings many of us back to the time when we lived in the old home, and felt the power of

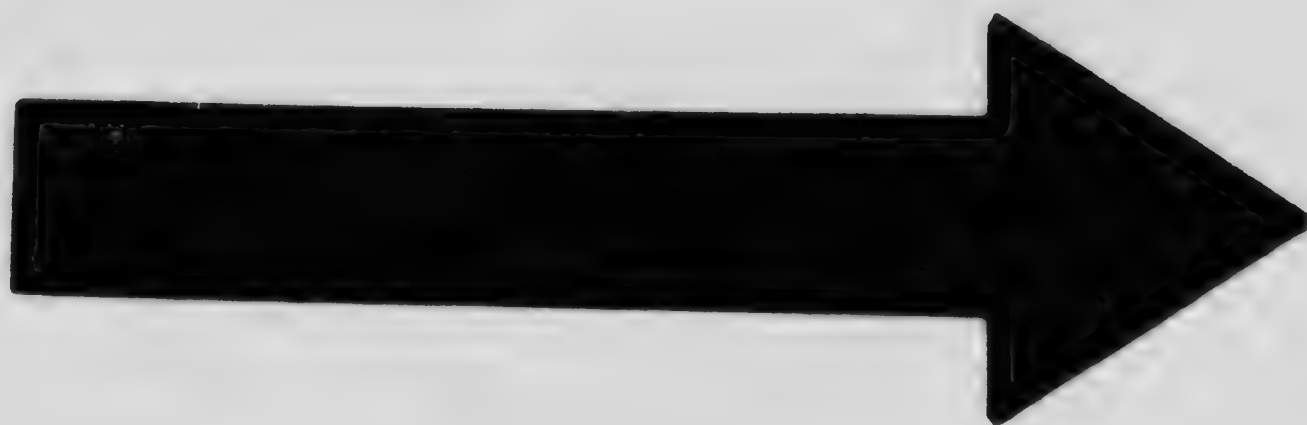
the old-fashioned piety, and also brings afresh the day when we stood by mother's side and said, "Good by." The home tie was broken; and it was never quite the same home afterwards to us. True, as it lives in memory to-day, for many of us, it has grown larger in our estimation. We are ready to admit that some of the things we once thought narrowness were only the expressions of a great faith in God, and an honest interpretation of his word; that some of the things we thought were hard have really turned out to be granite blocks of holy character. God bless the memory of many an old-fashioned home to some wandering man or woman today, and bring them back again to the old path of virtue and faith in Jesus Christ.

But the home-ties are ever breaking. In how many homes there is a mother tenderly going over a few garments, folding them lovingly, preparatory to giving the boy that which breaks every true mother's heart: a mother's good bye. She is glad that he is so manly, so strong, so true. But—but—the city is a big place, and sin is strong.

I sometimes wonder whether the young man has fully taken in the force of the broken home

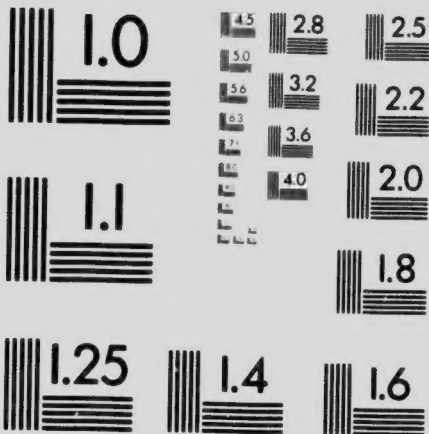
tie, when he takes his bride from her mother's heart and home. Whatever else he may not give to her, if he is a true man, he will give her the same devotion and love he ever held for his own mother; he will not take her from the sweet atmosphere of faith and service she ever had in the "dear old church." It may be a new church, in surroundings strangely different, but he cannot change her life-trend in things religious without doing a harm he can never atone for. If she is to give to her children what she received from her mother, she must be helped by the teachings he received from his mother. These are homely things to talk about, but who will say they are not worth our while! In the observance of this sweet old-fashioned day of prayer there are things we may consider to our highest advantage. And for many of us the best things come to us out of memory of what we have received from those, most of whom, perhaps, are lying today under the cold winter sod.

There are places at the table vacant today that will never be filled by the dear old faces we used to greet. There are places filled by the fresh sweet faces of boys and girls, young men and maidens, brides brought home to the



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father's house and the fond mother's heart. May the memory of the past make us strong; may the pleasures of the present make us thankful and joyous; may the memory of the old paths make us faithful to God, shedding light upon the new and untried paths that open before us!

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